

The Saturday Review

No. 2061, Vol. 79.

27 April, 1895.

Price 6d.

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CHRONICLE.

THE Mid-Norfolk election is over. The Conservative candidate has been returned by a majority of over two hundred. This is admitted even by the Liberals to be a heavy blow; in fact, certain of their warmest partisans spoke of it at first as a notice to quit, for it shows that the labourer is now voting Conservative. It is true that Mr. Gurdon, as a Liberal Unionist, had an even larger majority in 1886, but the total poll then was only 5600, and his majority was due to local reasons. We must go back to 1885 before we find so heavy a poll as the one on Tuesday last. Then Mr. Gurdon, as a Liberal, won by a majority of 2400. Every one is asking what has caused this change of front on the part of the agricultural labourer.

The chief significance of the contest is found in the fact that at the recent Parish Councils Election the Radicals had a majority. Some say that the agricultural labourers who voted Liberal in 1885, are now voting Conservative because they have found that the promises made by the Liberals of three acres and a cow, or three cows and an acre, have not been fulfilled. Others assert that the Local Veto Bill, and a fear lest the public-houses should be shut up, have filled the bucolic mind with apprehension. However the matter may be explained, the result came upon the Ministerialists with the shock of an unpleasant surprise. To win the Leamington election would do them no good. The victory would be attributed to a local and transitory cause; the result has already been discounted. The Mid-Norfolk election has weakened the Government. It has strengthened the conviction that is slowly gaining ground in the House that at the next General Election the Conservatives will have a large majority.

Mr. Clement Higgins, Q.C., whose sudden retirement cost the Government this seat, is not in good odour just now with the Liberals. They say he "ratted" because he could get no promise of a judgeship. "At any rate," one of them remarked plaintively, "he might have waited till he had seen the Resolution against the House of Lords." But Mr. Higgins would not wait.

One fact may be taken as an indication how keenly Ministers feel the rebuff. When the House met, it was understood that the Government would propose to take the whole of the private members' time. We understand now that Ministers will content themselves with the allowance they enjoyed before Easter, leaving to private members the Wednesdays and Friday evenings. This is a surprising confession of weakness. For had the Government felt itself strong enough to take Wednesdays and Fridays from the private members, it would have done so for at least one very good reason.

The two next Fridays are both to be taken up with what the Government rightly regard as very inconvenient and even painful discussions. First of all comes Mr. Labouchere's motion on the Coburgs: is the Duke of Edinburgh to receive his allowance as an English Prince now that he has sworn allegiance to the German Emperor as the hereditary ruler of Saxe-Coburg? This motion places the Ministerialists in an unpleasant position. If they vote that the Duke of Edinburgh should continue to receive his allowance, they will disappoint a great number of their democratic supporters; and although the motion is certain to be carried with the aid of the Conservatives, still to owe your salvation to your foes is not pleasant. And Mr. Labouchere is certain to be followed into the Lobby by a very large number of Radicals.

The Friday following promises to give the Government just as bad a quarter of an hour. Sir Donald Macfarlane, the Liberal member for Argyllshire, has secured that evening for a motion proposing the evacuation of Egypt by the British troops within a short period. The terms of the motion are not yet formulated, but it is understood that reference will be made to the unmistakable declarations of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley just before the last General Election. Sir Donald will be seconded by Mr. Arnold Foster, who will support the motion from the Imperialist point of view. The continued occupation of Egypt under the present circumstances is believed by a good many Imperialists to be a source of weakness and not of strength to England. We have ourselves put forward this view, and we can only rejoice that it will now be brought to open discussion. Sir Donald Macfarlane, we hear, reckons upon the support of a considerable number of Radicals. It probably lies with the Conservative leaders, therefore, whether or not the Government shall be defeated on Friday, 3 May. Whatever the result may be, it is plain that Sir W. V. Harcourt, had he felt himself strong enough, would have preferred to use at least these two Fridays for pushing forward Government measures.

Sir Donald Macfarlane is the only Catholic, we believe, who has ever sat for a Scotch constituency in the Imperial House of Parliament. There is a curious story told about his electioneering, which illustrates how the system of heckling can be sometimes turned to the advantage of the heckled. Sir Donald only won his seat in the last election by a majority of 80, and his victory was attributed to his "pawkiness." Feeling ran high against him; no believer in the Kirk could vote for a Catholic, it was thought, however good a Liberal the candidate might be. And at a great meeting it was anticipated that Sir Donald would be heckled out of the county. But a heckler arose, whether with Sir Donald's connivance or not, who put a fresh complexion on the matter. Was it possible, he asked Sir Donald in stentorian tones, for a Papist to be a patriotic Scotchman?

With feigned hesitation and much meekness of manner, Sir Donald replied that he had always considered Robert Bruce and William Wallace to be patriotic Scotchmen, and that both these worthies held the same religion as he did.

The Pope's Letter to the English people was sent to the *Times* for publication instead of to one of the recognized news agencies. The Letter has consequently been boycotted by the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, thus losing half a million readers. A good many Catholics are inveighing against Cardinal Vaughan for this display of favouritism. It is not by such methods, they tell us, that the Catholic Church has won popularity in the United States.

The Report of the Opium Committee, too, was first published in the *Times*, and when a question on the subject was asked in the House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon, Sir Edward Grey could give "no information." The fact deserves more attention than it has received. The very same Government that is trying to disestablish the Welsh Church, and to rob it into the bargain, is doing its best to confer upon the *Times* the privileges and endowments of a State establishment. At any rate, there is nothing small or petty about these Radicals. Whipped each morning by the *Times*, they crawl every afternoon to the office in Printing House Square with some small testimony of their respect and gratitude—a report, or *communiqué* of some sort or other—and when they are asked what they, as trustees for the people, have to say for themselves, they assume an air of dignified reticence; they have "no information."

On Tuesday evening Mr. Campbell-Bannerman had to say something in regard to the position of Commander-in-Chief. Of course he had no "knowledge of any foundation for the rumour" that the Duke of Cambridge was about to resign; but if he had to discuss what would happen on the occurrence of a vacancy, he could only repeat what he had said in 1893 that, after the recommendation made by the Hartington Commission, "I cannot conceive that any appointment of a permanent nature to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the army can henceforth be made." This is worse than evasion of the point at issue. The question is whether a Royal Duke should ever again hold the highest position in the army. A Royal Commission has decided against such an appointment, and, as we think, on good grounds. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's answer may be taken to show that he is thinking of appointing the Duke of Connaught for a period of five or seven years, which in such a case would be renewed indefinitely.

Really there is no snob like the Radical. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman cannot even act up to the line taken by the Marquis of Hartington; yet the reasons against such an appointment are simply overwhelming. Let us take one of them. If a Royal Duke as Commander-in-Chief of our army made one really serious mistake, he would imperil not his own position only, but the dynasty. He may have opposed reforms or advocated reforms; but if our arms under his command sustain disgraceful defeat, the Throne would be shaken. To put another case, how could a Royal Duke call out the troops against the people without fear of the consequences, not only to himself but to his family? It is an impossible position for a member of the Royal House in such a constitutional monarchy as ours. The other day, when the Report of the Commission on the question of Pensions for the Aged Poor was published, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales withheld his signature because the Report was not unanimous. The fear even of seeming to take a side restrained him from action. This, we venture to believe, is the proper course of conduct to be followed by the members of the Royal House. Besides, the Commander-in-Chief, in our opinion, should be exposed perpetually to frank criticism, and this is impossible to loyal men who fear to injure the monarchy by attacking the errors of the soldier.

The *Daily Chronicle* is congratulating itself upon having accomplished a good piece of work, and its pride is not without justification. A little more than a year

ago it attacked our prison system—a system, it says, "of inflexible discipline, administered by military men, and maintained by the terror of starvation, and, at times, of physical torture." This system has been condemned by a Report of the Departmental Committee which Mr. Asquith appointed to investigate the charges made by the *Chronicle*. The Committee found that recidivism was increasing; that insanity prevailed; that, in spite of the rigid isolation of prisoners, young offenders were turned by the gaols into criminals. The system has broken down. Sir Edmund Du Cane has retired. Prisoners are to have better food, more books, some human intercourse, and to be taught to work. The young offender must, if possible, be kept out of gaol altogether. As the *Daily Chronicle* says, the Report allows us to "discourage the vindictive notion of punishment, and make our prisons less like cages for wild beasts, and more like hospitals for sick minds and unsound hearts."

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has ceased to attract the European imagination, and the gentlemen who draw more or less intermittent salaries for being supposed to keep the germs of revolt alive in Macedonia have never interested anybody but themselves. None the less, the remarks of the former to the latter, in the palace at Sofia the other day, have their value. The Prince warned them plainly that this was an appropriate season for them to keep still and not to worry the good and patient Sultan, who, if they gave him time, would turn out to be a tender father to them all. This utterance, plainly reflecting the views of the Triple Alliance, furnishes a clue to the probable course of Armenian developments as well. As the new friendships are shaping themselves on the Continent, our own indignant sympathizers with the victims of Sassoon are likely to have only their labour for their pains.

Herr Liebknecht, the German Socialist leader, has lately been shrieking against Prince Bismarck in the columns of the *Figaro*. Prince Bismarck, according to his critic, has been the universal corrupter and destroyer in Germany; he "has done more harm to Germany than ten disastrous wars"; like a mediæval baron he "only knows how to kill and steal"; "the wounds he has inflicted on Germany are still bleeding too much for the Germans not to detest him." But the ex-Chancellor's greatest crime appears to be that "he had not enough to pay for his boots when he entered office," and that "he has to-day more than one hundred millions [of marks?] which he has stolen from the German people." We have no doubt that Herr Liebknecht pays for his boots with unfailing regularity. But we should like to know what Prince Bismarck thinks of Herr Liebknecht? Does he regard Herr Liebknecht as an example confirming the opinion he lately expressed that "the Germans are provided by Heaven with more manly attributes than other races"?

The curious little Parliament of the Isle of Man has its troubles, quite as if it sat in Westminster instead of in that home of cheap-tripper lodging-houses, called Douglas. The division in the House of Keys, where a majority of one has passed a Bill for the closing of all dancing houses at 10.30 P.M., probably reflects pretty fairly the warring opinions of Manxmen in general on this vexed question. One half of the population look back with longing to the quiet, sleepy old days, when the island lay snugly aloof from the hurly-burly of the great world, and herrings were sold by the *cushag*, and everybody's name began with a C, K, or Q, and there were still fairies in the glens. The other half find it to their account that the shilling public of Liverpool and other big mainland towns have discovered the island, and swarm out to it in their thousands every summer-day. For them merry-go-rounds and bad little railways have been built, and a dozen music-hall companies and cheap itinerant shows compete with "General" Booth and the publicans in making Douglas the noisiest, rowdiest, and most vulgarly be-postered small town in Europe. Between the two ideals compromise is flatly impossible, and though the Puritans have still a precarious hold upon authority, the drift toward licence swells in the other direction.

Feminine influence has always been recognized in the country of Jeanne d'Arc; and Frenchmen are now grumbling, naturally enough, because the President's wife and daughters are seldom seen at official receptions, or, indeed, at any public ceremonies outside the Elysée. They are tired, we hear, of seeing only elderly gentlemen, mostly politicians and soldiers, at State functions in the provinces. In his visit to H.M.S. *Australia* on the 19th, why should not the President's wife and daughters have accompanied him? asks an indignant journalist. The President will do well in our democratic age to take this hint. It may save one of his successors from being compelled to wear a blouse and a *casquette*, and from being forced carefully to dirty his hands before he appears in public.

As we have had occasion to observe more than once, Mr. Herbert Paul, M.P. for the Southern Division of Edinburgh, has a very pretty wit. He has been noted for a quaint associative faculty ever since his Corpus days, and he has now to try to live up to his reputation. We ascribe his latest quip to this tyranny of past performances. Speaking at the annual meeting of his local association, he noticed that "this nineteenth day of April is an anniversary sacred to the respectable memory of Lord Beaconsfield and the equally respectable practices of the Primrose League." "The policy of brag, bluster, and bombast in foreign affairs with which his (Lord Beaconsfield's) name was associated," he went on, "had been buried in his grave. It had gone, in the words of the great dramatist, 'down the primrose road to the everlasting bonfire.'" Surely an M.P. might pay "the great dramatist" the compliment of quoting him correctly. We copy the account from the *Daily News*; but if the reporter is probably responsible for the word "down" being included in the quotation, we may assume that Mr. Paul has substituted "road" for way, and if we are right, we cannot congratulate him upon his ear for word-sounds. But is the Jingo policy dead and buried? We believe the exact contrary to be the truth. The Imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield is now the avowed policy of both parties; and Lord Rosebery threatens France about Siam, and Sir E. Grey blusters about the Nile, and Sir W. V. Harcourt spends millions upon a still further increase of the navy, in spite of the alternate menaces and groanings of Mr. Labouchere and his Radical stalwarts.

Prof. Arminius Vambéry trips badly in his letter to the *Times* of Tuesday last on the subject of the Pamirs agreement. His purpose is to show that Russia gets everything and England nothing. "We find it," he says, "very natural that the Government of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia could easily engage to abstain from exercising any political influence or control over the country lying to the north of the line of demarcation running in an eastern direction from the Lake Victoria, as stipulated in No. 4 of the agreement." Russophobia could hardly mislead a publicist more hopelessly. Clause 4 of the Agreement runs: "Her Britannic Majesty's Government and the Government of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia engage to abstain from exercising any political influence or control, the former to the north, the latter to the south, of the above line of demarcation." In a word, England, not Russia, undertakes to exercise no "political influence or control" to the north of the said line. The Professor's mistake reduces two-thirds of a column of argument against the Agreement to an absurdity.

It is true that Great Britain has waived any official right to criticize the French invasion of Madagascar, to say nothing of interference with it. But it becomes more and more apparent that British public sentiment must be powerfully affected by the news from that far-away island during the next few months. In no other quarter of the globe has the work of generations of British missionaries resulted in such unmixed good as among the Hovas. They have eschewed the mischievous aids to degeneration with which the traders usually undo the labours of the missions. The *Times* is fortunate enough to have still a correspondent at Antananarivo, who has given a moving narrative of the events of early February while the Hovas were preparing with enthusiasm for a life-and-death struggle in defence of their rights. It is not probable that many more letters from this or any

other English source will be allowed to leave the island, and the precautions of the French Government in refusing permits to even their own Press correspondents forbids us to hope that we shall get more than stray glimpses of what is to follow from any but the French military point of view. But news or no news, it is certain that the British people will not be prevented by official considerations from taking a profound interest in the cause of the Hovas and their queen.

In a letter to the chairman of his election committee, Mr. George Peel has withdrawn his candidature, and thereby, we imagine, secured the seat for the Unionist Party. Mr. Peel has acted handsomely, and with rare self-abnegation. The local Conservatives opposed him simply because they had no hand in choosing him, but they are not likely to find another candidate at once so able and so disinterested. Each appearance of Mr. Peel has increased our respect for his talents, and we can only regret that he was not unanimously supported. It must, however, be admitted, that the local Conservatives had a good deal to put up with; in especial a letter from Colonel Howard Vincent, that was very difficult to stomach by men having minds of their own.

The siege and relief of Chitral fort, we learn, are already famous throughout India. Its defence has been compared with that of Lucknow. There is, indeed, something in the later story that recalls the earlier one. The attack upon the little fort that began on 3 March did not reach its height till 11 April, when all sides of the fort were assailed at once; then came the sortie of 17 April, which cost the garrison twenty men in killed and wounded, and the enemy sixty men. No wonder Shere Afzul raised the siege on the 18th and withdrew. All this time, too, the garrison believed that they were in the centre of a general Mahomedan revolt. Fighting without hope of rescue, Dr. Robertson and his men have shown courage that must be called heroic.

It will be remembered that the troops with Sir R. Low suffered heavily at the river Panjkora, owing to the enemy's launching heavy logs of wood down-stream, which destroyed the bridge our men were constructing. One of the enemy who was captured after the subsequent fight, has described in vivid language how their attempt at a night surprise was frustrated by the magnesium light of a star-shell fired from the English camp. "There were 2000 hillmen who set forth that night to crawl up to the soldiers' camp. We lay for hours in the wet fields, with the rain falling steadily, waiting for our chiefs to give the signal for the great rush. Word came round from chief to chief to be ready, and every man crouched, grasping his weapon, to run forward. But at that very moment a devil's gun boomed forth, and lo! instead of bullets and balls coming out, there burst over us a mighty light, so great that we thought the night had suddenly become day. And we cried aloud to Allah to abate His wrath against us, and when the great light faded we all hurried away, and even our mullahs had no word to say."

It has been put about in the daily Press that the new Speaker has so far been a great success. One evening paper says "he manages very well"; another journal of the opposite colour talks foolishly about the influence of the Speaker-myth, and predicts that he will be looked upon as a worthy successor to Mr. Peel. All such assertions are absurd. Mr. Gully looks his part excellently: he walks well, has good legs and a fine appearance; but as a Speaker he has not surpassed most moderate expectations. When Mr. Asquith on Monday moved that the Factory Bill should be read a second time, Mr. Gully did not put the question, as he should have done. A whisper came from the Clerk, a consultation took place, and then Mr. Speaker put the question. Nor was this the only mistake he committed. Three members rose to continue the debate; two gave way, leaving Mr. Stuart Wortley to speak. The Speaker omitted to call on him. Mr. Stuart Wortley went on talking while the older members on both sides of the House exchanged glances of significant apprehension. Mr. Gully may learn his business. We hope he will. But that he does not know it yet is manifest.

THE POWERS AND JAPAN.

THE representatives of Germany, Russia, and France have delivered to the Japanese Government a protest against the annexation to the Japanese Empire of continental territory belonging to China. But even this is better for Japan than we had at first understood. It is worth while to trace the progress of this European intervention in order to realize its origin and purpose. According to an evidently inspired article in the *Cologne Gazette*, the German Government was the first to take up a hostile attitude towards Japan. At the beginning of March the German Minister at Tokio was instructed "to recommend to the Japanese Government a policy of moderation in drawing up the conditions of peace," and to add that "the demand for a cession of territory on the continent would, in the eyes of Germany, be particularly calculated to provoke an intervention of the European Powers." Some weeks later, when the conditions of peace were known in Europe, and it was seen that the Japanese Government had paid no attention to this "friendly advice," the German Government took counsel with Russia. "A complete agreement of opinion," we were told a week ago by the *Cologne Gazette*, "between Germany and Russia was obtained, and as the co-operation of France is also secured, these three Powers will take diplomatic action in common for guarding their interests in Eastern Asia." The European diplomats have now delivered their protest. Russia will not hear of a Japanese Protectorate over Korea, and the *Novoe Vremya* declares that "if one single port of Port Arthur remain in possession of Japan, Russia will suffer severely in material interests, and in her prestige as a great Power"; and France, as we anticipated, says ditto to everything that Russia says, with many genuflections and a modest hint—"France will not leave Russia isolated in the Far East." It is easy enough to explain the position of Russia in this matter. She has interests, or thinks she has interests, in the neighbourhood of Korea. Though she pushes her pretensions too far, we can understand her attitude; but the jealousy shown by Germany and Germany's interference with Japan are more difficult to justify. We are told, indeed, in the German prints that Japan is seeking "a determining influence on the development of China's economic condition," and that Japan has endeavoured "to post herself as a sentry before all the chief import routes of China." We are assured solemnly that if Japan were "allowed to hold Formosa and the Pescadores she would have encircled China with a firm girdle sufficient to exclude it from the communication and commerce of the rest of the world." Germany, it seems, would rather fight than suffer any possible diminution of German commerce, and Germany is not ashamed openly to avow her determination to prevent Japan gaining any such extension of territory in the Far East as she herself gained in the War of 1870, at the cost of a nation at least as necessary to the progress of mankind as Germany. And we shall no doubt be informed that, after making this cynical avowal, the German Emperor has composed some more hymns or prayers.

Not content with this new form of a Triple Alliance, the French seem to be rather exasperated with England for preserving her independence of action. The *Débats*, in especial, admonishes us to take heed—"the responsibility is heavy," and predicts that we shall very soon regret our isolation. In all humility we venture to differ with the *Débats*. Nothing in recent times has given us sincerer pleasure than to learn that Lord Rosebery has held to his policy of conciliating Japan, and has refused to outrage precedent by robbing the new Power of the most important fruits of her victory over China. Both principle and self-interest, it seems to us, are at one in recommending this policy to England, and we heartily congratulate Lord Rosebery on his wisdom and resolution. Much as we desire to see a good understanding with Russia, we do not feel inclined to play her game for her in the Far East. Russia can ask for no more than our neutrality. But Japan asks for this and something more. To which side should we incline? This is the question of the moment for Lord Rosebery to decide, and a very difficult question it is. It seems to be taken for granted by everybody that all the Powers have got to do is to signify their sovereign goodwill and Japan will obey their orders, but this does not exhaust the possibilities

of the situation. Let us see what the Japanese think on the matter.

Important articles are appearing day after day in the Japanese press which are not sufficiently regarded in Europe. One of these was noticed the other day in the *Temps* as showing a spirit very hostile to England. This and other articles are now before us and require serious attention. Perhaps it will be wise to confine ourselves to studying the one that concerns Great Britain in especial. Under the title "Japan and England," the *Kokumin-no-Tomo*, a Japanese paper published in Tokio, deals at some length with the present position in the East. Germany, the Japanese writer thinks, "stands aloof from the present war," hoping to advance her commercial interests by avoiding political entanglement. France, on the other hand, hates China because she has been at war with her, and because the Chinese army is trained by British and German officers, "while she is well disposed towards Japan, having educated her in military knowledge and possessing a similar vivacious and amiable character." The English of this writer is sometimes peculiar, but his meaning is usually as clear as could be desired. "It goes without mentioning," he adds, that "the United States is, like France, joyful with her whole heart at the Japanese victories. England alone does not take part in their joy." On these baseless assumptions, which, except in regard to the United States, are not so much devoid of truth as the exact contrary of the truth, this Japanese journalist goes on to accuse the English of self-interest—"England is going to take the Chusan Islands"—and of an incapacity to understand the beauty and wonders of Japanese civilization. We are informed that England is very like China; that we have won no battles since those of Trafalgar and Waterloo; that in recent times "British squadrons have not been used except in the subjugation of barbarians." Then the strength of the Japanese navy is set forth, and we are told of the efficiency of the soldiers that served in Manchuria, though they had been trained for only four months. Finally the tone rises to a warning: "If England be defeated in Japanese seas, she must be prepared to lose all her possessions, as then the charm of her invincibility would be broken, which alone has enabled her to maintain those possessions." And not only is the anger of the Japanese ready to show itself against England; they are willing, if we can judge by their writers, to take up arms against the world. "Do those countries of Europe," asks the Japanese writer of this article, who seems now to have some inkling of the truth, "that try to interfere or create a secret diplomatic plot, believe that Japan has not courage enough to engage in another war? . . . Do they believe that Japan, which is brave enough to wage war against China; which boasts of 400 millions of people, would be deterred in her progress because of her opponents being European Powers?" All this may seem to an English reader foolish rhodomontade, affording evidence only of how puffed-up the Japanese are by the events of the late war, and of their ignorance of the strength of European countries. Not the English fleet, he will exclaim, but the fleet of Germany or Italy, would sweep the Japanese cruisers from the seas in a single week; the scholar must not yet presume to measure himself with his master.

This may be true enough—is, no doubt, true—but it does not alter the significance of the fact that Japan is now the first Power in the Far East, and her supremacy is pretty certain to grow with the years. Assistance rendered to her now—even diplomatic assistance—would be invaluable. Should England render it? We cannot tell how Lord Rosebery, with full knowledge, may advise; but it seems possible that there may be some reasonable scope for diplomatic action between the extreme demands of Japan and the extravagant exigencies of German and Russian diplomacy. As Japan does not take possession of Korea—wishes, in fact, nothing but Korean independence—Russia surely has no need to whip herself into a rage. The Liao-tung peninsula Japan only intends to hold, we imagine, until the war indemnity is paid; and as soon as her troops evacuate Port Arthur and Wai-wei, Russia ceases to have any further concern in the matter. The interests of Germany are far more intangible, and therefore, no doubt, more difficult to deal with. She

wishes to prevent Japan from taking Formosa and the Pescadores, which simply means that if anything is taken by any Power in any part of the world, Germany wants compensation or a share in the booty. That is a policy which has already cost England loss and damage; in New Guinea as on the East Coast of Africa, in Samoa, and elsewhere. It is time that it should be stopped. If Lord Rosebery is able to satisfy Russia that Japan will not interfere with Russian interests either in Korea or on the mainland of China, he will probably be able to induce the Tsar to refrain from further action. In this case France, too, will abstain, and Japan, backed by the friendly neutrality of England and the United States, may be trusted to teach the War Lord a lesson in diplomacy which will for the moment shake even his conceit. In any case the matter is in Lord Rosebery's hands, where we are content to leave it, feeling sure, from more than one recent event, that he values the friendship and gratitude of Japan at its full worth, and that his only aim will be the increase of British interests and British prestige in every quarter of the globe.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

FOR some reason or other, the English people have never developed any marked and permanent curiosity about the affairs of the United States. Upon special occasions, of course, as when a President is elected or shot, or the price of petroleum is forced up to ten shillings a barrel, a sharp spasm of interest in American news seizes upon us. But this soon lapses, and we grow content with a minimum of telegraphic intelligence from Washington and New York, and as for the American newspapers when they arrive, we scarcely take the trouble to glance at their contents. American visitors to these shores continually express amazement and chagrin at the discovery of this fact. They read so assiduously each day whole columns about us in their own enterprising journals at home, that there seems something unnatural, and even sinister, in our failure to reciprocate their cousinly interest. When they say so we do not defend ourselves. How, indeed, should we? We shuffle, and murmur something about preoccupation for the passing moment in a Macedonian intrigue, and turn the conversation into some more comfortable channel. But the fact remains, and we accept it.

Upon occasion, however, there arise compensations for our unkinsmanlike indifference and ignorance. It is a good thing, for instance, that not one in ten thousand of our fellow-subjects knows at the present moment that Senator Morgan, and Senator Frye, and other redoubtable Transatlantic Jingoes have been shouting out across the water to them, for the past two months, hoarse defiance to mortal combat. Not only statesmen, or rather politicians, in high legislative positions, but serious newspapers as well, have been doing their best to persuade the American people that they were upon the actual threshold of a war with Great Britain. If we had the will to quote any one of a dozen inflammatory declarations culled from the principal republican journals of New York during the month of March, our readers would receive it with frank incredulity. But this is a case, if ever there was one, where ignorance ministers to happiness, and far be it from us to dispel it. Nor is there, to our thinking, any grave danger of our being compelled, at some later stage, to abandon this policy of reticence. The whole Nicaragua difficulty will settle itself without any necessity arising for Englishmen ever to be told how terrible a business it was, or how narrowly they escaped a formal declaration of war from the office of the New York *Tribune*.

About the Nicaragua dispute itself, nobody in England knows or cares anything. We have exercised for some half-century a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, along the coast from Cape Gracias a Dios to Greytown. It has been of no conceivable service to us, and has been a fruitful source of misunderstandings with the neighbouring little republics in general, and with Nicaragua in particular. Last year there arose a squabble of some sort, the last in a long and wearisome series, and British troops had to be landed. Negotiations with Nicaragua and the United States followed, with the result that Great Britain finally renounced her worthless protectorate, and delivered to Nicaragua a very modest

bill for damages, on account of several injurious and wholly indefensible actions against British subjects and property during the disturbance. No one has described these claims as oppressive or unjust, and it is likely that Nicaragua would have satisfied them without a murmur had it not suited the book of a political party in the United States to raise an outcry against British aggression, and to protest in the sacred name of the Monroe doctrine. Hearing this, the Nicaraguans not unnaturally deferred payment, in the hope that American intervention might wipe out their debt altogether. This rendered it incumbent upon the British Government to deliver an ultimatum to Nicaragua, and send a naval force to Corinto to support it, and at this stage matters now stand. The President of the United States has from first to last given no signs of sympathy with the demagogues who demanded interference; no American man-of-war has been sent into Nicaraguan waters, nor has there been any clashing of opinion between our Foreign Office and the State Department at Washington. And so the matter will soon be ended.

The fact, however, that an important section of the United States Senate, and most of the newspapers of a great political party, which two years hence is likely to be in power in America, insist with deliberate violence that it is the duty of the United States to take up Nicaragua's cause, right or wrong, and to cry "Hands off!" to Great Britain, is worth discussing. Unless some unexpected issue of internal politics arises of sufficient gravity to occupy all the energies of American politicians, it is evident that the fashion of winning a cheap notoriety by attempting daring postures in foreign politics will spread among them, and perhaps, in time, cause serious trouble. It is not too early to make clear the point that their "Monroe doctrine," of which they talk so much, has nothing whatever to do with the collection of just debts, or the settlement of international disputes. Its true meaning may be expounded in London with the better grace, since it was of English origin. It was Mr. Canning who first suggested it, in 1823, to the American Minister at the Court of St. James. There was danger then that the "Holy Alliance," under the guidance of Metternich, would intervene to restore the hated mediæval rule of Spain over the American colonies at that time in successful revolt against her. The British suggestion which the American President, Mr. Monroe, adopted, and announced in his message to Congress in that same year, was aimed solely at "any attempt of the allied powers to extend their political system to any portion of either American Continent." Those were the words in substance, and that was the idea. Of course, even in this restricted form, the "Monroe doctrine" is not binding on anybody. No Congress of the United States has ever given it formal sanction, and no European Power has ever discussed it as anything but an abstraction. But even if Europe were disposed, as may be conceived in hypothesis, to concede to the United States the moral right to guide its actions by the Monroe doctrine, it remains the fact that that doctrine is concerned only with political systems, or, in other words, with the difference between monarchical and republican forms of government. To suppose that it has anything to do with the present Nicaragua difficulty, or with our pending dispute with Venezuela on the subject of the Orinoco boundary, is to fall into a pernicious error. The value of such republican institutions as exist, in the intervals of bloody revolutions, among the Spanish-American States, need not be discussed at the moment. If the commercial men of America prefer the present Brazilian republic to the empire of five years ago, they have dissembled their feelings with great skill. But however that may be, the Monroe doctrine cannot be possibly stretched further than to cover such a preference, or rather the sentiment which takes such a preference for granted. Any extension of it, under cover of which the minor American republics would hold themselves free to behave as badly as they pleased, and merely refer aggrieved nations to their big brother at Washington when reparation was demanded, would be altogether out of the question. Yet this is precisely what the bellicose Morgans and Fryes and *Tribunes* have been preaching as the vital principle of the Monroe doctrine. Fortunately, President Cleveland has more sense than to

tread on this dangerous quicksand, and we are glad to note what seems to be an authoritative hint from Washington that he and his Cabinet are discussing the whole question of the responsibility of the United States toward her smaller neighbours. The more definite their pronouncement on the question is, the better for all concerned.

THE FRIENDS OF LABOUR.

THE meeting of the Independent Labour Party on the 15th, 16th, and 17th inst., under the presidency of Mr. Keir Hardie, led to the publication of a programme so preposterous that we did not intend to notice it. Absurdities may be allowed to sink unaided into oblivion. But on the 20th inst. the annual conference of the Miners' National Union was held at Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., who answered Mr. Keir Hardie, and thus brought out very clearly the difference between the old Trades Unionism and the new Communistic movement. Mr. Burt was, we believe, at one time a working miner; he is now the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. His evolution is complete; it may be said that he represents the satisfied ambitions, as Mr. Keir Hardie represents the unsatisfied ambitions, of the working classes in Great Britain. But this explanation would not exhaust the differences between the two men; roughly speaking, Mr. Thomas Burt stands for English methods, while Mr. Keir Hardie has adopted the shallowest and crudest theories of Continental Socialism. It may be worth while to consider Mr. Keir Hardie's programme for a moment, in order the better to contrast its unreason with the rational reforms asked for by Mr. Burt. Mr. Keir Hardie's programme involves "a maximum eight hours working day to be secured by law; the prohibition of children commencing waged work under fifteen years of age; and the provision of State pensions for every person at fifty-five years of age, and adequate provision for all widows, orphans, sick and disabled workers." "The educational part of the programme," we learn, insists on "free primary, secondary, and university education, free maintenance for school children, municipalisation and popular control of liquor traffic, arbitration and disarmament; and the fiscal demands agreed to were abolition of indirect taxation, direct cumulative tax on incomes over £300, and taxation to extinction of unearned incomes." Here, then, we have Mr. Keir Hardie's ideal of life—a society of working men and working women, all trained intellectually so far as one can be trained before one is fifteen years of age, and no farther; for a little examination will convince anybody that this society will be so burdened that it will have nothing to spend on higher education. All these men and women are to work a maximum of eight hours a day from fifteen to fifty-five, and then are to be supported by the State till the day of their death. Such freedom is to be accorded to the individual during all the best years of his life as is to be found in a well ordered prison, and as he approaches old age he is to be relegated to a well ordered poorhouse. Science and art would disappear from such a society, and it would be conquered by some freer nation while its foolish regulations were still brand-new. Marx's ideal, we can assure Mr. Hardie, is not highly appreciated even in the miserable conditions of German labour, and that it would be rejected by the English miner or navvy admits of no doubt. Let us turn to the testimony of Mr. Thomas Burt.

Of course Mr. Burt referred in his speech to the Independent Labour Party and the newest of the Newcastle programmes which it had issued scarcely a week before, and he began by putting his hand on one of the weakest points in Mr. Keir Hardie's scheme. "They had some gentlemen in that city a few days ago," he said, "who saw clearly how all the difficulties involved in the reconciliation of the interests of labour and capital could be removed. Of course their plan was collectivism—the nationalizing, not only of the land, but also what they called the implements of production. It was too large a question for him to discuss at that moment, and he would not argue that it was utterly impracticable. There were, however, certain preliminary difficulties. It was necessary, he thought, 'first to catch the hare.'" This is, after all, the main point, and

we thank Mr. Burt for having put it so clearly. Communism will never be accepted in England until the national character has changed beyond all recognition. No wonder Mr. Burt took the opportunity of reaffirming his trust in the older methods; "he had faith," he said, "in their great self-help organizations, in their trade unions, in their friendly and co-operative societies." And the end of it all was that the Miners' National Union passed resolutions "thanking the Government for introducing the Conciliation Bill; protesting against any Parliamentary interference with the hours of labour; urging upon the Government the necessity of placing a tax upon coal and mineral royalties, and asking for a substantial increase in the number of mine inspectors." These resolutions present a very fair picture of the contradictory aims of the old Trades Unionism. The miners like the Government Conciliation Bill, but insist that its voluntary character should be maintained, and they protest against any Parliamentary interference with the hours of labour. These two provisions may be accepted as a testimony to their innate British love of freedom; but when they demand a tax upon royalties, and an increase in the number of mine inspectors, they have equality as their aim, and so follow tardily in the footsteps of the new Socialism.

A short time ago the present leader of the House of Commons told us that we were all Socialists to-day, and this may be accepted as a striking and rhetorical way of expressing the truth that a certain amount of Socialism is being introduced into our national life. How far individual liberty should be restrained, and the movement towards equality be realized in law and institutions is a very nice point. This Miners' Conference shows us that even the most intelligent working men are in doubt as to the course they should choose; and yet they, having been all their lives at hand-grips with the realities of the problem, should be among the first to divine its solution. We intend to begin next week a series consisting of three or four articles which shall deal with the different political parties and their relation respectively to Individualism and Communism.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

SPEAKING during the debate on the second reading of the Irish Land Bill, Mr. Chamberlain said that, as a matter of fact, his views "did not differ substantially" from those I had previously advanced, and, in a letter since addressed to an Ulster correspondent, the right hon. gentleman has declared that "with my amendments the measure might be made reasonably satisfactory." In view of statements of such weight, coming from such a source, the duty appears to be laid upon me of stating at once the nature and character of the amendments I propose to submit to the Government Bill.

Substantially the Bill is intended to fully protect all improvements made by the tenant, or by his predecessor in title, and to bring under the operation of the Land Acts certain classes of holding excluded either by direct legislation, or by judicial interpretation. The measure, of course, does other things as well. But these are the two main lines upon which the Bill may be said to proceed. Beginning, then, with Clause V., which deals with improvements, we get to the kernel of the whole question. The clause is framed on the assumption that the improvements—whether by this we mean buildings, drainage, fencing, or reclamation—have been mainly done by the tenants. Of course, where the landlord has either made the improvements or contributed to making them, the law protects him fully. But, as every Commission since that presided over by Lord Devon has abundantly proved, the Irish landlord usually lets the bare soil. Most of what is above it, and much of that which makes it valuable, is the work of the tenant.

Now the truth of the matter, so far as Clause V. is concerned, is very simple. Mr. Morley starts with an excellent principle. But he has allowed the pressure of the Land League party to carry him too far. Starting with the definition of an improvement in sub-section 2, the representatives of the Irish landlords make their first stand. The sub-section seeks to enact that "every

expenditure of capital or labour which adds to the letting value of the holding" shall be deemed to be an improvement within the meaning of the Act. Mr. Chamberlain went straight for this point in his speech on the second reading, and declared that the terms of the sub-section were wide enough to include "ordinary tillage and cultivation." My answer to this contention is twofold. In the first place, I deny that expenditure on "ordinary tillage and cultivation" would increase the letting value of the holding in the technical and legal sense. But does Mr. Morley mean anything of the kind? If he does, I put against him the view of one of the most capable and respected of Ulster farmers. Writing in the *Northern Whig* of the 12th inst. upon this very point, Mr. John Megaw, of Ballymoney, said: "The proposal which Mr. Chamberlain in his speech denounced as monstrous, viz., that good husbandry should be classified as an improvement, for which the tenant was to receive compensation, is a proposal which neither the Ulster Land Committee nor any kindred association ever advocated." The Ulster farmers are reasonable men. And if the landlords see danger in the sub-section, their fears ought to be relieved. I propose, therefore, to move as an addition to the sub-section the following words: "Provided always that the cost of ordinary tillage and cultivation of the holding shall not be deemed to be an improvement within the meaning of the Land Acts." With this addition the sub-section is absolutely just and equitable.

Similarly, as regards sub-section 3, a fanciful difficulty has been raised. When the Land Commission go upon a holding to fix a fair rent, they ignore the buildings unless these are claimed by the landlord. If improvements in the shape of drainage or reclamation are claimed by the tenant, he proves their cost—whether it be in capital or labour—and the practice is to give him a percentage upon the proved expenditure. This undoubtedly disposes of all the cases save a very few; and on reasonably satisfactory conditions. But in a very few cases there is a residue over and above the percentage thus allowed to the tenant. And upon the disposal of this residue a great controversy has arisen. Ought the tenant to get it all, or ought it to be apportioned by the Court with the respective rights and interests of both parties in view? Sub-section 3 appears to give the whole of the increased letting value in such cases to the tenant. I say "appears," because I have grave doubts about it. But in his speech Mr. Morley made it clear that there were special cases where this would be unfair. I therefore propose to add at the end of the sub-section these words: "Provided that where it shall appear to the Court that, owing to the special circumstances of the case, the landlord is justly entitled to a share in such increase in the letting value, the Court shall deal with such increase in the letting value as may be just and equitable." The point has been unduly exaggerated. It is of little or no practical importance. As Mr. Justice Bewley expressed it before the Select Committee, it is "more academic than real."

In regard to sub-section 4, which refers to the occupation right of the tenant, I propose to move to omit it altogether. Nobody knows what it really refers to. The landlords believe, and with good reason, that, if enacted, it would compel the Land Commission to make a deduction from the fair rent on account of the tenant's right of perpetual occupation of the land. This idea was ridiculed in 1881 by Mr. Gladstone. It was solemnly denounced at the same time by Lord Selborne. Mr. Morley disclaims this interpretation; but he has not told us what the sub-section means. Until this is made clear I propose to leave it out.

And finally, as to sub-section 7 of this clause, which deals with the "presumption as to ownership of improvements," the objection raised by the landlords is futile and unreal. They declare that the presumption sought to be enacted by the sub-section carries us back to primitive times; that there is no time limit such as exists in the Act of 1870; that, in short, we reach by this provision of the Bill the dreaded goal of prairie value. I demur to the whole of this reasoning. What is the law now on every estate in Ulster where the custom is proved to exist? Why, every one familiar with the law is aware that the presumption is in favour of the tenant, without any kind of restriction or hindrance. Have we reached prairie value in the North?

But the whole objection, as it is urged, proceeds on ignorance of the practice and procedure of the Courts. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, is willing that the presumption should apply to buildings, without restriction as to time. This is just and equitable. But this once granted, what remains upon which the presumption can operate? A house is a house. It is visible. And if the landlord cannot prove that he or his predecessor in title built it, he will get no rent on account of it. But suppose a tenant claims for reclamation or drainage done before 1850. These improvements are not visible. The result may be visible. But in all such cases the tenant would have to enter upon legal proof as to who did the work, what it cost, &c. &c. Presumption is only applicable to a visible improvement, such as buildings. The moment we come to deal with drainage, or reclamation, proof takes its place. I hold, therefore, that the landlords are needlessly alarmed. But, at the same time, I should hope the Government would not decline to ease their fears in so far as it may be possible to do so without sacrifice of rights.

So much for Clause V., which, as I have said, is the kernel of the Bill. I believe that the amendments which I propose to move will in no way injure the tenant's case so far as it is reasonable and honest. And, on the other hand, they will go some way in meeting the doubts and fears of men whose property is being dealt with, and who, naturally enough, are not in a frame of mind for anything like calm reasoning.

In regard to the second part of the Bill, dealing with the different classes of holding excluded from the Act, Mr. Chamberlain has expressly stated that, in principle, he agrees with the Bill. From any standpoint, therefore, there is little or no reason for discussing this part of Mr. Morley's measure. But I should like to point out that on the question of town parks there remains a good deal to be said in Committee. Parliament must make an effort to do two things. It must define a town. It must define a town park. In the past it has failed to do either of these things. And, leaving it to the Courts, a most unfortunate state of affairs has been brought about.

Perhaps, however, it is on Clause I. that the first and keenest fight will take place. This clause proposes to shorten the statutory period during which the judicial leave runs from fifteen to ten years. No serious objection is likely to be taken to this proposal. But inasmuch as it further proposes to apply the abridged period to all present fixtures, the most serious opposition is certain to arise at this point. The objections to this proposal of the Bill are manifest. It breaks judicial contracts. It blocks the Land Court with 240,000 cases. It necessitates the appointment of an army of temporary commissioners to administer the new Act. Nothing could well be worse. And, although Mr. Morley may put much against all this, it is perfectly certain that this is a part of the Bill it will be impossible finally to carry through.

My view, regarding the Bill as a whole, is very clear. With moderate concessions on the part of the Government, and with reasonable temper on the part of the Irish landlords, it ought to be possible to carry a measure that will settle the question of tenure. Land reformers will then be able to lay themselves alongside of that great problem which awaits their attention—the restoration of Single Ownership. The first steps in this direction have been successfully taken. Between 30,000 and 40,000 occupying owners have already been created. It has cost £13,000,000 to carry through this great transaction as far as it has gone. Nothing, so far, has been lost to the taxpayer. And it is in this direction, and this direction alone, we must all look for a final settlement of this ancient feud. T. W. RUSSELL.

BACK AT WESTMINSTER.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 26 April.

BACK, but not the six hundred, to say nothing of the odd seventy, whose punctual reappearance was, of course, doubly or trebly hopeless. The Riviera, the Tay, Snowdon, Bantry Bay, trouting stream and golfing links, are formidable rivals to the banks of Thames, even in gala of hopefulest nuptials, or with such pageant as inauguration of new reign of Speakership can furnish

forth. Not that the latter has been without its element of imposing ceremonial. Such a doffing and replacement of hats, to say no more, are not to be witnessed through many Parliamentary years. And speaking of hats, has any inquirer, up to this date, sounded the mystery of the hat usages of this House? Nothing, not even the restricted dimensions of the House itself, reasonably defensible though they be, strikes the American, French, or other foreign visitor more than the spectacle of members sitting in the House with their hats on. It seems to them a rudeness and a barbarism, and for myself I have never succeeded in giving them an explanation that seemed to convey satisfaction. The philosophic historian is no good here. He says, as he does of much else that baffles him, that the origin of the custom is shrouded in the mists of a remote antiquity. But those mists have been searched and it is not there. Certain members whom I have consulted have ascribed it to the Cromwellian times, when King Charles would look in, and take the chair himself, and the House put on its hat as a protest against royal intrusion. But unfortunately there are old pictures extant showing the hat worn before the Caroline era.

Others think it is a relic of the dreadfully old days when the great Council met beneath the legendary oak, and members wore their hats to protect their heads from the air. I must say that this has always seemed to me more ingenious than sound. Counsellors need cool heads, and the tendency should have been towards hatlessness. I prefer a simpler theory. Hats and umbrellas are known to be the most nomadic form of property. Our umbrellas we can now and here secure by fastening them to pegs with our names on them, in a room set apart for the purpose. But the hat is less manageable. However, if you wear it, you are sure of it. Keep your money, and your money will keep you, says a wise proverb. I submit that Stick to your hat, and your hat will stick to you, is a maxim of equal wisdom. To my mind it is clear that, if you keep your hat upon your head, you can always be sure of getting it when you want it. I believe British common-sense has caught on to this idea, and that the practical British senator wears his hat simply because he has found by experience that his head is the best place to put it. If this suggestion is not considered satisfactory, I ask for a better, and pause for a reply.

I confess I am more put out by a distinction in the form of the Parliamentary hat which I have noticed gaining vogue of recent years. It seems that if you discard the stove-pipe type of hat, or "society" hat, so to speak, and wear a "bowler," you become that influential class of legislator, the labour or working-man member. I do not say the thing is quite universal. Messrs. Burt, Fenwick, Broadhurst, and one or two more, are generally silk-hatted. But Messrs. Burns, Wilson, Pickard, Arch, &c., are always in "bowlerized" head-gear. Keir-Hardie thatches his strong and scheming skull with a structure which is entirely *sui generis*, a sort of Independent Labour or Socialist cap, I suppose, which I might describe, if called on, but cannot categorize. But I object to the whole attempt to draw a distinction, and agree with the view apparently acted on by my respected friends Burt, Fenwick, and Broadhurst. If the cowl does not make the monk, no more does the "bowler" make the working-man member. It is absurd to call Mr. Burt a miner or Mr. Broadhurst a bricklayer because they once were. You might as well call me a baby, on the strength of my vanished cradle. These gentlemen are professional politicians like the Cabinet, and no shame to them, as far as my view counts. In fact, of all possible kinds of Parliamentarians the working-man is precisely the one who necessarily ceases to be himself the moment he crosses the threshold of the House. If you are a landlord, or a brewer, or a manufacturer, or a lawyer, and get elected for some place, you can still be carrying on the business of owning land, or concocting beer, or sizing cottons, or splitting hairs, while you are also making laws, but you cannot be doing the latter and at the same time "getting" coal, or ploughing Devonian clay, or navigating the Atlantic. You become at once and inevitably a gentleman at large, and you will never conceal that fact by putting a "bowler" hat over it.

Bowler or no bowler, however, I am anxious to know what is to become of hats, Parliamentary and other, under the new Factories Bill, the only piece of real work we

did this week, I may inform the constituencies in passing. The thirtieth clause of that measure proposes that "wearing apparel" shall not be made in any place not heated up to sixty degrees Fahrenheit, a humane, if slightly queer, provision. Well now, are hats "wearing apparel"? I hope they are, because I do not like the idea of having something on my head made by a fellow-creature shivering with cold while he was at it. It is like what I felt about the Resolution on prison-made goods, so feebly and stupidly managed by the Government. On free-trade principles, I do not see how we can refuse prison-made goods from abroad. Still, I should be very glad to know where the goods came from. As a matter of taste, I do not think I could wear a shirt known to myself to have been made by a distinguished murderer. Therefore I should also like to know if hats are "wearing apparel." I have my doubts. Somehow your hat is not like your shirt, or even your coat or trousers, or your correspondences, if you happen to be female.

But whether hats get in or not, why is comfortable heating to be monopolized by fabricators of "wearing apparel"? Indeed, to listen to the Home Secretary, it is only dressmakers that are to be legislatively kept warm. For my own part, I should be jealous of a Home Office with a tenderness for dressmakers. I am convinced that all classes of workers would be the better of sixty degrees. And I say boldly, Why not makers of laws as well as of "apparel"? I declare that the number of fatal chills I have nearly caught while performing my duties behind the Home Secretary, whether in opposition or composition, if carefully reckoned up, would not only show the House to be a veritable as well as metaphorical Temple of the Winds, where *Una Eurus Notusque*, &c., but would necessitate some revision of the vote whereby thousands of pounds of the taxpayers' money are given away for the opening or shutting of windows here and there, and done neither wisely nor too well. It is all very well for the Home Secretary to restrict himself and his clause to dressmakers, like the Renaissance grammarian of Bologna, who died lamenting that he had not concentrated his life upon the Dative Case. The Home Secretary's greatest quality probably is "coolness," because it gives him the constant command of his other qualities; and he seems to have communicated it to his relative, young Tennant, whose particularly able maiden speech was given with an *aplomb* which more mature performers envied while they admired. But everybody cannot be so independent of sixty degrees as the Home Secretary, although possibly the same cannot be said of Johnson-Ferguson, Mammoth Manufacturer, whose encyclopædic criticism of the Bill was really an industrial education, except when he came to Laundries, where I thought he got ultracrepidarian and beyond his depth. But who shall post us up in the mystery of Laundries? Heaven knows we are not short of old women; but none of them, as far as I can gather, has ever been a practical laundress, managing a "mangle by the hour or piece." Why the Socialists should be rejoicing over this Bill passes my humble understanding. It is death to them if they could see it. It is really a Bill to perpetuate the private capitalist, on terms, which ultimately he may be able to charge on wages.

R. WALLACE.

IN THE NEW FOREST.

TO see the forest and feel the pulse of its life, you must leave your friends and steal silently along an open glade. If you brush through the underwood, your noisy approach would scare into silence even the busiest of living things. Moreover, winter lingers in its dank recesses; in the open glades all living things are bustling in the spring sun.

In the open glade you sit awaiting the sights and sounds of the pageant of life. In the distance a train rumbles through Lyndhurst Road; somewhere nearer a party of sportsmen, no doubt cockneys like yourself, discharge such a dropping battery of shots as you might hear from a "warm corner" at a pheasant drive.

The thought is auspicious, for at the same moment came the resonant gurgle of a cock pheasant from behind a holly-bush on your right. After a few seconds of suspense, you see that radiant Eastern polygamist

strutting on the bank in the glory of full plumage. Are you to see sexual selection itself in operation, and the cocks flaunting their rival splendours before critical hens? The cock strikes an attitude, and is like the leeward expanse of a frigate in full sail. One wing is raised aloft, the other, equally expanded, is trailed on the ground, while the tail-feathers, tilted vertically, complete the expanse. Each feather is shown to the fullest advantage, and the cock utters his cry again. Two sad-coloured hens come out of the bush to share the food he has found. Even in this late season the harem is already complete, and although the plumage-display might be an act of courtship, the offer of food is a purely domestic affair. An unwary movement of yours startles the pheasant, and with an ungainly running leap he gets into the air and is off to safer quarters. The dull-coloured hens seek protection in concealment; when the excitement is over they will rejoice him.

A stealthy rustle in the grass close by makes one think of adders; but the adders may be practising swallowing their young against the tourist season, in the recesses of the forest; here are only a pair of yellow-green grass-snakes, and they are off to cover the instant they hear one. A little routing among the dead leaves uncovers them, and they hiss and splutter, darting out their forked tongues and making as brave a show of striking as if their harmless teeth were venomous fangs. Perhaps these ineffectual threats serve a purpose against some natural enemy; they overreach themselves with the simple countryman. "Orrid brutes," says he, "arken at their hissing"; and, making no distinction, he pins them with a forked stick and stamps upon their heads. But near Brockenhurst there is still an ancient who catches adders to boil them down and prepare their fat as a simple for lumbago.

The wind flutters the dead leaves fitfully, but as the ear becomes attuned to the slighter gradations of sound, it distinguishes a ceaseless delicate scraping on all sides, the gentle sound of a multitudinous minute activity. One cause of this is an enormous colony of large black ants. A little mound close by is black with them, and on all sides they are scouting for tiny pieces of dry grass. Each ant, when it has secured a piece, hurries with it to the nest, and, dropping it on the mound, rushes off again. The ants on the mound are arranging the pieces, stamping them down and fixing them with pellets of earth. An unkind expedient serves to show the co-ordinated purpose ruling their apparently disorderly activities. Thrust a stick into the mound, and stir it up so as to expose the rice-like maggots; at once the heap becomes black with an excited multitude; each returning ant no longer sets out again on a new quest, but falls to repairing the breach along with the others.

Almost as numerous as the ants, and quite as restless, are black hunting-spiders, short-legged, actively running creatures. They belong to the fierce tribe of wolf-spiders, that build no snares to catch their prey, but hunt along the ground, leaping from a distance on grasshopper or resting fly, as a tiger leaps on a deer. Later in the season, each female will be conspicuous by the great green ball of eggs she drags behind her on a silken cable. The hunting-spiders are the earliest to appear; you may see them even on a warm day in January. The web-weavers appear later, as the foliage thickens and insect life becomes more abundant, although even now in the low bushes some of the *Liniphyidae* have spun their dome-like irregular webs.

A sure sign of the lateness of the season is the noisy splashing in Costicles pond. In an early year the frogs have finished their wooing in the warm days of February, and, by April, the young tadpoles are wriggling out of the frothy masses of spawn. Apart from their unhappy place in Nature, as supplying the countless needs of the physiological laboratory, the harmless frog offers opportunity for investigating one of the most interesting problems in biology. All higher animals are male or female; but what is it that determines the sex of each individual? Some fishes elude the choice in an attractive fashion; in their gay youth they are males, but later on settle down to a staid maternity.

Tadpoles, the fish-like stage of frogs, so to speak, "sit on the fence" between the sexes. Sometimes, even, they attain maturity and become tailless, air-breathing frogs without having made the decision; in

no class of back-boned animals are hermaphrodite individuals so common. But in most cases the young tadpole assumes a sex during its growth. A German, more distinguished than gallant, assures us that over-feeding produces females, that a sparse diet results in males. Of a hundred tadpoles, he says, reared on chopped flesh, ninety became female frogs; of another hundred, restricted to a vegetable diet, an overwhelming proportion became males. This suggestion opens a wide field for the inquirer. The sulphur-yellow butterfly, flitting from violet to violet, will deposit a thousand eggs. Are the sexes already predetermined in the eggs, or do the chances of feeding decide the question in the caterpillar stage? The case is clear enough with the large wasp that is emerging from the hole in the bank. She is a queen that has survived the winter, and her first brood, nourished on the scanty food she herself can collect, will become workers or arrested females. The next brood, on the richer diet collected by the aid of the elder sisters, will give rise to many new queens, each of which may found a new colony. Drones appear later in the season, under conditions independent of the food-supply. But we know little enough of the whole business. Here in the Forest the problems of sex are as engrossing as the question of the New Woman in town.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE pleasant sense of a lingering tradition of English art continues to distinguish the exhibition of the old Water-Colour Society from other periodical exhibitions of modern pictures in London, from the exhibition, even, of the Royal Academy, where such traditions might reasonably be expected to remain. If in no very definite way, the temper of our early water-colour painters; their love of the quiet corners of the world, of Nature in her less extravagant moods; their avoidance of any undue curiosity or strangeness, qualities upon which many of the best painters of our own time have set so much store; their careful workmanship; their retired, well-bred air: all these qualities, in some degree more or less, tend to give a certain character of distinction to the gallery in Pall Mall, a character of distinction which comes as a relief after the trivial manner and cheap methods of much contemporary work. Occasionally we find, in the present exhibition, drawings which are frankly reminiscent of earlier masters. Mr. George Fripp's charming drawing (90), "The Keep of Kenilworth Castle," carries the *amateur* back to the school of Paul Sandby; while much of Mr. Thorne Waite's work recalls, but with real accomplishment, the manner of De Wint. But as with most art, into which some merely traditional influence enters, the letter, rather than the spirit, of the tradition has come to be the thing regarded; and if to this sense of a lingering tradition are to be ascribed qualities which are fine and enjoyable in themselves, to the same cause must also be attributed certain limitations, both of treatment and workmanship, which form a no less general characteristic of the work shown here. To speak candidly, there is some work which is really artistic; but there is also much which is merely conscientious. Among the most masterful drawings are the three studies of hills which Mr. Colin Phillip sends. Of these (43), "Rothiemurchus" is an admirable example of his work. Always simple and vigorous in treatment, it expresses with great truthfulness the character of the country in which he delights; for Mr. Phillip draws his hills as though he has climbed every part of them, and understands, through long acquaintance, their essential form and structure. Again some of the drawings which Mr. Matthew Hale sends are admirable in their way: one especially (119), "Bristol Cathedral, Evening," showing the square in front of the Cathedral after sunset with the street-lamps alight, is well put together, and shows in the handling a considerable sense for quality. Other drawings by more than one artist might be mentioned, which are scarcely less remarkable in various ways than this drawing by Mr. Hale; yet if the final test of all true works of art is to be applied in the present case, there are but few drawings which would remain to be noticed. A note of real distinction, of personality, of individual temperament, is not a quality which

is commonly to be found in our modern exhibitions, either here or on the Continent; yet it is the possession of this one quality which can finally give to a work of art some element of permanent interest. Only style, it has been said, finally lives. Mr. G. Clausen's drawing (17) "Two Reapers," has, perhaps, a greater appearance of mastery and originality than any other work in the room. Of its accomplishment there can be no doubt; nor, it should be added, of its French originals. Less subtle in form and colour, less artistic in treatment, it remains, however, a masterful imitation of what has already been, elsewhere, better done. Not far from Mr. Clausen's drawing hangs a drawing by Mr. Albert Goodwin (15), "Lincoln," displaying fewer pretensions, but possessing much real originality. In this drawing, as in all Mr. Goodwin's best work, the subject of the piece is steeped in the temperament of the artist. The great west front of Lincoln Cathedral, with the great four-square towers of the church, rises wing-like above the huddled roofs and buildings which cover the height on which the town of Lincoln stands. The vastness of the building, the solemn grace and strength with which it lifts itself above the town, the picturesque confusion of buildings that hedge and crowd about this great piece of ordered beauty, are all admirably conveyed. This drawing is worked in a way which Mr. Goodwin has made peculiarly his own. An avoidance of any extreme, either in tone or colour, a fastidious selection of the principal forms, and the precise definition of such forms with a pen or brush, are the principal characteristics of a manner, originally, perhaps, suggested by some of Turner's later drawings, which in his hands is capable of rendering such scenes with remarkable delicacy and effect. Among the other works which this artist sends are three small drawings worked in a similar manner on toned paper: (19) "Italian Barque unloading, Bristol," with the towers of the Cathedral seen through the rigging of the ship; (106) "Whitby," looking toward the ruins of the Abbey from the harbour; and (112) "Siena." This last drawing shows the town of Siena, "set on a hill," in the last deep glow of an Italian sunset; the grey shadows of evening already filling the valleys: the sense of the intense, but momentary, illumination of the place is worthy of Mr. Goodwin's reputation for such things. Altogether, the drawings sent by him are the most individual and interesting in the gallery.

The imaginative work in the present exhibition is not especially remarkable. Neither the President, Sir John Gilbert, nor Mr. Frederic Shields, send anything; nor, is it scarcely necessary to add, does Sir E. Burne-Jones. Mr. Walter Crane contributes a drawing (53), "Elsa's Champion," which affords another proof that to his book-illustrations, unrivalled in their particular way, we must look for his best work. The most important contribution of this kind is Mr. T. M. Rooke's drawing (152), "Herod's Feast," a thoughtful and interesting composition, but scarcely an adequate representation of Salome's dance.

MR. AUGUST MANNS.

THE "Thirty-ninth Annual Series" of Saturday Concerts came to a finish at the Crystal Palace on 20 April. At least half of the usual audience, possibly misled by an unfounded and somewhat scandalous rumour that "the world-famous band" would play in the "Final Football Tie," an item that was not on the programme, had apparently gone off to the football ground under the erroneous impression that the concert would take place there. When the railway company set down the musical critics on the Palace platform, well in the tail of the 42,000 people who came exclusively to see football, Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture was already a thing of the past, and only the last echoes of Madame Belle Cole's voice, as she warbled Goring Thomas's "My heart is weary" (from "Nadeshda"), caught our astonished ear as we entered the concert-room. Then Mr. W. H. Squire, a violoncellist who gets a singularly noble, resonant, and sympathetic tone in the lower registers of his instrument, but whose upper notes are just a trifle forced in quality, played a concerto of Saint-Saëns. Now Saint-Saëns is a wonder-working fellow, a spouting volcano of new forms, new effects, each more

bizarre, less expected, than the last. He writes for orchestra as if it alone had been his lifelong study, for organ, or piano, or violin, or cello, as we have hitherto supposed they could only be written for by specialist virtuosos. Apparently he is acquainted with and master over the oldest and newest devices in the mechanism of composition, and he certainly knows well how to mix every shade of orchestral colour used on the modern music-painter's palette. He works marvels—yet one cannot resist the suspicion that his artistic personality is wholly factitious. This is not merely because extraordinary facility, accomplishment without effort, always arouses suspicion. However favourable a first impression of his music may be, its charm soon wears shabby; we soon feel that it is entirely without depth, is more uniformly shallow than any music of the century except, perhaps, Meyerbeer's, and we resent having being cheated by a composer who never writes an original or sincere bar, and never a bar that is not a miraculously clever imitation of real music. What sincerity, indeed, beyond the sincerity of the shopkeeper, may one expect of an artist who in his maturer years writes a "Samson et Dalila," and by the side of fugues written after Bach at his austere lays on gorgeous splashes of the voluptuous colouring of Wagner in his most royal mood? Saint-Saëns is always for the moment some one else, he lacks the high sincerity that keeps the artist true to himself. Some parts of this concerto are pretty, though one rebels against one's own liking for them, conscious that the evanescent charm—the stage charm of paint and powder—lasts only while one remains at a distance, and disappears when we draw close. Some parts, again, are incredibly dry, as dry as Dr. Parry at his best, and so many of them occur towards the end, that, despite Mr. Squire's praiseworthy interpretation, we found the concerto, short though it is, much too long. Later, Mr. Squire gave us a "Hungarian Rhapsody" by the eminent Popper, which, with our own Sullivan and Cowen to boast of, we dare not affirm to be the worst piece of music ever manufactured for the market, though it certainly cannot be far from the vulgarest. Before the programme had progressed so far, Madame Belle Cole sang Weber's "O Fatima" song so as nearly to stun us with horror-stricken surprise. In the first part she pumped out all the sepulchral tone she had in reserve, so as to make one think not of Fatima but of death and the tomb. Then, seemingly exhausted by the effort, she suddenly dropped the funeral orator and assumed the light and airy maiden, changed the stop from the "Tuba mirum, spargens sonum" to the volatile and skittish piccolo; and the effect defeats any attempt at description. It threw us into a dazed condition, and we speculated vaguely on the number of other voices Madame Cole might have about her, and wondered whether she was "like Cerberus, three gentlemen," or rather, two (or how many more?) ladies "at once." A musical critic cannot be exposed to these shocks and keep his æsthetic sensitiveness unimpaired, and henceforth we shall avoid Madame Cole like a pestilence. Lest that lady should think we treat her unfairly, we admit that our dislike for her singing, like our dislike for certain intoxicants, is entirely personal, and did not seem to be shared by a section of the audience. It appears, then, that out of a programme of seven numbers we missed two, and should not have been sorry had we missed three others, and yet we found the concert well worth going to Sydenham to hear. And for this only Mr. Manns can be held responsible.

Many people reckon playing the orchestra a very easy matter. The instrument is made up of highly trained executants who play no wrong notes, and it seems so stupendously simple to take a bit of stick and beat one, two, three, four, in a bar, that respectable professors like Drs. Stanford and Parry, who would expect and deserve to be called charlatans if they came before the public as finished pianists, undertake with a light heart to play the orchestra in public and do not expect to be called charlatans. It would be unfair, indeed, to call them by that ugly name, for they no more deserve than they expect it. They do not know, though they should know, that the difficulties of piano-playing fade into mere shadows of difficulties beside those of orchestra-playing. Very different, and less obvious,

qualities are needed. Supple fingers, a wrist strong and flexible as steel, a resplendent head of hair, will do little for you: instead of these the highest musicianly gifts, a rare magnetic personality, something of the actor's trick of eloquent gesture, infinite patience, tact and self-control, are absolutely essential. In Mr. Manns we find all these qualities, combined with a unique enthusiasm for the beautiful, whatever its age or nationality, a splendid catholicity of taste seldom found in these days when catholic taste is sought for vainly, except in those who (to be paradoxical) have no taste at all. Mr. Manns has enjoyed unequalled opportunities of ripening his powers. Just as Haydn developed his art to its highest point by writing for the Esterhazy band, and producing each work as it was written, so Mr. Manns, by continually practising on that noble instrument, the Palace orchestra, has perfected his technique, and learnt how to project as objective realities his most delicate conceptions. Commencing as a bandmaster in the days when the Crystal Palace was more or less a circus, managed by Sir George Grove, he ends as an unsurpassed artist, having made the Palace a Bethesda pool where, from the din and fever of modern life, we may weekly repair for the soul's refreshment. That the bandmaster still survives may be felt in the exactness with which the band plays to his beat, may be seen in the beat itself; but the bandmaster standard of playing is where Mr. Manns begins, not where he ends. He always gives us accuracy, and generally a great deal more. Richter moves us more profoundly at times, Mottl's personality is more opulent, luxuriant, of greater energy and dignity. But technically Mr. Manns plays the orchestra as well as they do, his touch is as clean and sensitive, the tone he elicits more uniformly beautiful. He goes far beyond them in breadth and scope, and misses fire not once to their ten times. Mottl expresses only one man on the orchestra, and that man is Mottl; Richter's sympathies do not extend to Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Bach, or indeed any composer lacking modernity. Mr. Manns enters into the spirit of a Handel gavotte as joyfully as he interprets a Wagner scena; he plays Berlioz as no other conductor yet heard in England (save perhaps Sir Charles Halle) can play him. He loves to interpret all things beautiful, and it would be hard to say whether Handel or Wagner appeals to him most deeply. He does not on that account lack individuality. He and Richter alike play Beethoven divinely; but the conceptions, each in its way flawless, are strikingly different. One would say, on the whole, that vivacity, colour, and light are the qualities Mr. Manns loves to bring out, while Richter subordinates these to the expression of profound human feeling. Some time ago Richter played Schubert's last symphony. It was also played at the Palace on Saturday, and the two readings made a strange contrast. Richter looked mainly at the serious side of that strange mixture of the tragi-comic, or rather tragi-nonalant and the school-boyish, and under his treatment the tragedy of the finale became even too intense. Mr. Manns did not look into the heart of the composer in the light of musical biography, and gave us Schubert as he stands in the score, not omitting the tragedy, but likewise insisting on the puissant energy, the flaming impetuosity, and daredevil nonchalance, with which the tragedy is met. His susceptibility to colour, light, and sparkle came out, too, in the "Tristan" prelude and finale which he likewise played on Saturday. He took them a shade faster than usual; but the exquisite blending of tone-colour, the balance of tone-force between the parts, the tender brilliance, expressive phrasing, and superb rhythmical poise, made the thing so consistent and complete within itself that one could not allege the pace as a fault. All we may say in such a case is that we prefer, or do not prefer, Mr. Manns's brilliant reading of the music to Richter's earnestly emotional or Mottl's hotly passionate reading; but we may point out that either Richter's or Mottl's version is admirable on the stage, where one is prepared for the high-note of tragedy by preceding events, and on the concert platform, when we have not been so prepared, Mr. Manns is much more effective. Effect—there, using the word in the best sense, is Mr. Manns's strongest point. He instinctively sees the side that will tell, and he fetches it out in performance with an exhilarating buoyancy that is perfectly irresistible. There is, too, in his playing, the

sweetness and personal charm that comes of a sweet and charming nature, and this makes it lovable, as well as, like the playing of other conductors, admirable. One result of Mr. Manns's catholicity should not be overlooked. While Richter steadily refuses to play, or so much as glance at new works, with the exception of rare concessions to the Academics, which he would certainly not have promised to play had he first looked at them, while Mottl accepts no new compositions unless they have the stamp of shoddy, "Made in Germany," Mr. Manns has for many years persisted in putting into every programme as many new things as the public would tolerate, and by this has done more for "English music" and "progress" than all the teaching institutions and choral societies in England.

To make an end, then, the termination of the Crystal Palace Concerts for this season serves us as an occasion to remind the English people that though we have all talked of our lack of conductors, have hailed Mottl and Richter with joy, and tolerated even Mr. Henschel, the unobtrusive artist at Sydenham, upon whom, as upon his whilom colleague, Sir George Grove, the spirit of inexhaustible youth rests, may be compared with the best of these.

SPANISH TRAGEDY AND ENGLISH FARCE.

"Mariana" and "The Son of Don Juan." By José Echegaray. Translated from the Spanish by James Graham. Two volumes of the Cameo Series. London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"The Ladies' Idol." A new and original farcical comedy in three acts. By Arthur Law. Vaudeville Theatre. 18 April, 1895.

THERE is somewhere in Froissart a record of a hardy knight who discovered, as most men do in their middle age, that "to rob and pill is a good life." When Mr. Fisher Unwin sent me "The Son of Don Juan" I began at the end, as my custom is (otherwise I seldom reach the end at all), and found the following:

"LAZARUS (*Speaking like a child, and with the face of an idiot*): 'Mother—the sun—the sun; give me the sun. For God's sake—for God's sake—for God's sake, mother, give me the sun.'"

To a person familiar with Ibsen's "Ghosts," this was sufficient to establish a warm interest in an author who, like Froissart's knight, takes his goods so boldly where he finds them. I had never heard of José Echegaray before; but I soon learnt, from Mr. Graham's sketch of his life, that he is a celebrated Spanish dramatist, and that it will be decorous for me in future to pretend to know all about him. To tell the truth, I wish I had some other authority than Mr. Graham to consult; for though I have no excuse for questioning the entire trustworthiness of the little memoir he has prefixed to "The Son of Don Juan," I can hardly bring myself to believe more than half of it. No doubt Echegaray is a greater physicist than Newton, and a greater mathematician than De Morgan and Professor Karl Pearson rolled into one. Perhaps he really did walk out of a drawing-room ignorant of a word of German, and presently return a master of that intractable tongue, and intimate with the secrets of Hegel and all the other philosophers of the Fatherland. And why should there be any difficulty in believing in that discussion on fencing, which again made him leave the room, only to come back so consummate a swordsman that no professional in Madrid could as much as keep hold of his foil when confronted with him? And yet, somehow, I don't believe it. It is all the fault of that unfortunate musical criticism which I practised so long and assiduously. A musical critic gets supplied gratuitously with biographies of distinguished artists, compiled by musical agents or other experts in fiction, and circulated to the press and to persons with whom the artist desires to do business. These biographies seldom appear among the books of reference in first-rate libraries. They all contain at least two anecdotes, one to illustrate the miraculous powers of their hero's brain, and another to exhibit his courage and dexterity in personal combat. Mind, I do not say these anecdotes are untrue; I simply confess apologetically that I never find myself able to believe them. When I receive from an agent or from a bookseller a life of

Sarasate, or Mr. Edison, or any other celebrated person, I try to believe as much of it as I can; and the breakdown of my faith must not be taken as a breakdown of the celebrated person's credit. Besides, after all, Mr. Graham's memoir of Echegaray may not mean anything so very staggering. There is something momentous at first sight in the statement that "the first three years of the dramatist's life were passed in the capital of Spain"; but now I come to think of it, the first three years of my life (and more) were passed in the capital of Ireland, which was a much harder trial. Again, the attention he gave to "the infinitesimal calculus, theoretical and applied mechanics, hydrostatics, curve tracing, descriptive geometry and its applications, solid geometry, and so on into the dimmest heights of the science," might have happened to many a university don. I remember once buying a book entitled "How to Live on Sixpence a Day," a point on which at that time circumstances compelled me to be pressingly curious. I carried out its instructions faithfully for a whole afternoon; and if ever I have an official biography issued, I shall certainly have it stated therein, in illustration of my fortitude and self-denial, that I lived for some time on sixpence a day. On the whole, I am willing to take Mr. Graham's word for it that Echegaray is, apart from his capacity as a dramatic poet, an exceptionally able man, who, after a distinguished university career, turned from the academic to the political life; attained Cabinet rank, with its Spanish inconveniences of proscription and flight at the next revolution; and in 1874, being then forty-two years of age, and in exile in Paris, took to writing plays, and found himself famous in that line by the time his political difficulties had settled themselves.

As a dramatist, I find Echegaray extremely readable. Mr. Graham has translated two of the most famous of his plays into a language of his own, consisting of words taken from the English dictionary, and placed, for the most part, in an intelligible grammatical relation to one another. I say for the most part; for here and there a sentence baffles me. For example: "The hall is approached by two or three saloons, whether in front of it, whether in converging lines, but in such fashion that they are partly visible." This is a hard saying, which I humbly pass on to the stage manager in the hope that he may be able to make more out of it than I can. Happily, the dialogue is pellucid as to its meaning, even where it is least vernacular. If Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for instance, plays Mariana (and she might do worse: it would be a far wiser choice than Juliet), I shall, if she uses Mr. Graham's translation, listen with interest to the effect on the audience of such a speech as "The sickness of the journey has not left me. I suspect that I am going to have a very violent megrim." I fear it is useless to pretend to accept Mr. Graham's work as a translation after this: it is clearly only a crib, though in some of the burning passages it rises to considerable force and eloquence. In such passages the full meaning can be gathered from the words alone; for most nations express themselves alike when they are red-hot; but in passages of comedy the word is often nothing, and the manner and idiom everything, in proof whereof I will undertake to recast any scene from, say, "The School for Scandal," in such a manner that without the least alteration of its meaning it will become duller than an average sample of the evidence in a Blue-book. Therefore, as I do not know a word of Spanish, I can only guess at the qualities which have eluded Mr. Graham's crib.

Echegaray is apparently of the school of Schiller, Victor Hugo, and Verdi—picturesque, tragic to the death, showing us the beautiful and the heroic struggling either with blind destiny or with an implacable idealism which makes vengeance and jealousy points of honour. "Mariana" is a lineal descendant of "Ruy Blas" or "Don Carlos." In "The Son of Don Juan," the modern scientific culture comes in, and replaces the "villain" of the older school, the Sallustio or Ruy Gomez, by destiny in the shape of hereditary disease. In spite of the line "Give me the sun, mother," for which Echegaray acknowledges his indebtedness to Ibsen, his treatment of the "Ghosts" theme is perfectly original: there is not in it a shadow of the peculiar moral attitude of Ibsen. Echegaray remorselessly fixes all the responsibility on Don Juan (Alving), who is as resolutely vicious as Shelley's Count Cenci. Ibsen, on the contrary, after

representing Mrs. Alving as having for years imputed her late husband's vices to his own wilful dissoluteness, brings home to her the conviction that it was really she herself and her fellow Puritans who, by stamping men and women of Alving's temperament into the gutter, and imposing shame and disease on them as their natural heritage, had made the ruin into which Alving fell. Accordingly, we have those terrible scenes in which she desperately tries to reverse towards the son the conduct that was fatal to the father, plying Oswald with champagne and conniving at his intrigue with his own half-sister. There is not the slightest trace of this inculcation of respectability and virtue in "The Son of Don Juan." Indeed, had Echegaray adapted Ibsen's moral to the conditions of domestic life and public opinion in Spain, the process would have destroyed all that superficial resemblance to "Ghosts" which has led some critics hastily to describe Echegaray's play as a wholesale plagiarism. The fact that the doctor who is only mentioned in "Ghosts" actually appears on the stage in the "The Son of Don Juan" is a point, not of resemblance, but of difference; whilst the fact that Mrs. Alving and Manders have no counterparts in the Spanish play, and that the dissipated father, who does not appear in "Ghosts" at all, is practically Echegaray's hero, will make it plain to any one who has really comprehended "Ghosts" that the story has been taken on to new ground nationally, and back to old ground morally. Echegaray has also created a new set of characters. Paca, the woman of Tarifa; the poor little consumptive Carmen, betrothed to Lazarus (Oswald); Timoteo and Nemesio, the shattered old boon companions of Don Juan; Dolores, the wife of Don Juan, who is not even twentieth cousin to Mrs. Alving: all these are original creations. Echegaray makes his puppets dance ruthlessly. He writes like a strong man to whom these people are all "poor devils" whom he pities and even pets, but does not respect. This again contrasts strongly with the Norwegian feeling. Ibsen never presents his play to you as a romance for your entertainment; he says, in effect, "Here is yourself and myself, our society, our civilization. The evil and good, the horror and the hope of it, are woven out of your life and mine." There is no more of that sort of conscience about Echegaray's plays than there is about "Hernani," or, for the matter of that, "The Babes in the Wood." The woman who looks at Hedda Gabler or Mrs. Alving may be looking at herself in a mirror; but the woman who looks at Mariana is looking at another woman, a perfectly distinct and somewhat stogy personality. Consequently the howl of rage and dread that follows each stroke of Ibsen's scalpel will not rise when one of our actresses pounces on Mariana: we shall only whimper a little because our childish curiosity is not indulged in the last scene to the extent of letting us see whether Daniel kills Pablo and then himself, or whether Pablo kills Daniel. This last scene, or epilogue, as it is called, is magnificently dramatic; so much so that if some adapter will change the name of the piece from "Mariana" to "Daniel," and transfer all the lady's best speeches to the gentleman, some of our actor-managers will probably produce it as soon as they realize its existence—say in twenty years or so. Unless, indeed, the actress-manageress arrives in the meantime and snaps it up.

I can best convey a notion of the style and dramatic method of Echegaray by a couple of quotations. In both of the plays just translated, a narrative by the principal character makes an indelible impression on the imagination, and comes into action with great effect at the climax of the tragedy. Both narratives are characteristically modern in their tragi-comedy. Here is Mariana's:

"Listen. I was eight years old. It must have been two or three o'clock in the morning. I was sleeping in my crib; and I dreamt that I was giving a great many kisses to my doll, because it had called me 'mamma.' The doll soon began to kiss me in return, but so fiercely that it caused me pain; and the doll became very large; and it was my mother. She was holding me in her arms; and I—I was not sleeping now: it was no dream: I was awake. Behind my mother there was a man standing. It was Alvarado, who was saying, 'Come.' My mother said, 'No: not without her.' And he said, 'Devil take it, then, with her.' The rest

was like another dream—a nightmare—anything that whirls you away and will not let you breathe. My mother dressed me as people dress lunatics or dolls, pulling me about, shaking me, nearly beating me. And Alvarado was all the time hurrying her with whispers of 'Quick, quick, make haste.' I have never gone through anything like it: trivial—ludicrous as it was, it was horrible. She could not get the little socks rightly on me; she could not manage to button my boots; my drawers were put on the wrong way, the petticoats left with the opening at the side, my dress half loose, though I kept saying, 'It wants to be fastened: it should be fastened.' And all the time Alvarado was saying, 'Quick, quick: make haste, make haste.' I was wound up in a cloak of my mother's; and a hat ribbon was tied round my head so that it nearly choked me. Then my mother snatched me up in her arms; and we got into a carriage and went very fast. Then I heard a kiss; and I thought, 'My God, who was that for, who was that for: nobody has kissed me.' Ah, my own mother, my own mother!"

At the end of the play, Daniel, Mariana's lover, in persuading her to elope, picks up her cloak, and by trying to wrap her in it and carry her out to the carriage, reminds her of this passage in her childhood, and of Alvarado, whose son Daniel is. She calls in her husband, who kills her; and the two men disappear to fight it out to the death in the garden as the curtain falls.

Don Juan's narrative is an instance of the same dramatic device.

"It was a grand night—a grand supper. There were eight of us—each with a partner. Everybody was drunk—even the Guadalquivir. Aniceta went out on the balcony and began to cry out, 'Stupid, insipid, waterish river: drink wine for once,' and threw a bottle of Manzanilla into it. Well, I was lying asleep along the floor, upon the carpet, close to a divan. And on the divan there had fallen, by one of the usual accidents, the Tarifena—Paca the Tarifena. She was asleep; and in her tossings to and fro her hair had become loose—a huge mass; and it fell over me in silky waves—a great quantity, enfolding me as in a splendid black mantle of perfumed lace. The dawn arrived—a delightful morning, the balcony open, the East with splendid curtains of mist and with little red clouds; the sky blue and stainless; a light more vivid kindling into flame the distant horizon. Slowly the crimson globe ascended. I opened my eyes wide; and I saw the sun, I saw it from between the interlaced tresses of the Tarifena. It inundated me with light; and I stretched forth my hand instinctively to grasp it. Something of a new kind of love—a new desire—agitated me; great brightness, much azure, very broad spheres, vague yet burning aspirations for something very beautiful. For a minute I understood that there is something higher than the pleasures of the senses: for a minute I felt myself another being. I wafted a kiss to the sun, and angrily pulled aside the girl's hair. One lock clung about my lips: it touched my palate and gave me nausea. I flung away the tress; I awoke the Tarifena; and vice dawned through the remains of the orgie, like the sun through the vapours of the night, its mists, and its fire-coloured clouds."

I need only add that Don Juan is on the stage at the end of the play when the heir to his debauchery says, "Give me the sun, mother." On the whole, though I am afraid some of our critics will be as nauseated as Don Juan was by that stray lock of the Tarifena's hair, I suspect the Spaniards will compel us to admit that they have produced a genius of a stamp that crosses frontiers, and that we shall yet see some of his work on our own stage.

Mr. Arthur Law, the author of "The Ladies' Idol," the latest Vaudeville piece, did not remind me of Eche-garay in any way; but his piece is not bad fun for all that. Only, when I come upon as clever an actor as Mr. Weedon Grossmith, I like to see his powers well drawn out; and this social duty Mr. Arthur Law has not, I regret to say, performed. The audience, convinced that Mr. Grossmith is one of the funniest of men, laughs whenever he opens his mouth. He accordingly opens his mouth very often, and shuts it again, with hilarious results; but he has really very little more to do.

Mr. Beauchamp's Purley is a capital piece of acting; Mr. Volpé, as Wix, is a credible and natural Brixton paterfamilias, and does not "character-act"; and Mr. Little, though still rather too much the funny man and too little the artist, is amusing. Miss Beringer, Miss Palfry, and Miss Homfrey acquit themselves competently in the women's parts. It is true that "The Ladies' Idol" is not a very difficult piece to play; but after the exasperatingly bad acting one constantly sees at the theatres where high comedy and "drama" prevail, it is a relief to see even simple work creditably done.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE is practically no alteration in the aspect of affairs in the Money Market, and the rate of $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent for four months' bills does not encourage hopes of an early rise in the rate of interest, notwithstanding the expectations of an expansion of trade which are founded on the improvement already visible in America, and the favourable intelligence that continues to arrive from the East. The inference is that such demands as may be made on our resources are not expected to have much effect on the value of money.

The principal features of the week on the Stock Exchange have been firmness in Home Government securities, depression in those of other Governments, a marked rise in American railway stock, and renewed speculation in mining shares. In the American Market, the most active demand has been for Southern Railway stock, and the market generally has attracted Continental buyers. Canadian and Mexican lines have followed suit; but Home Railways have been quiet, if not dull, and the traffic returns for last week were on the whole somewhat disappointing, although the Midland, London and South-Western, and North-Eastern lines, furnished satisfactory exceptions. The South African Market has been strong all round, and prices show further substantial advances. "Chartered" have been in particular demand, especially on French account, and the rush for Rand Mines gives no sign of abatement.

On 334 Stock Exchange securities selected by the *Bankers' Magazine* for comparison, the net rise in value between the 20th ultimo and the 20th instant has been almost exactly $12\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. Only 13 Mining Companies are included in the list, and the principal factors in the rise are the British and Italian Funds and Colonial and United States Railways. On the other hand, foreign Government securities have depreciated to the extent of more than $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions.

On Tuesday next the proprietors of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada will have to decide whether they will uphold the present board of management or place their interests in other hands. The Company's official report which followed promptly on the report of the committee of bond and stockholders, to which we referred last week, can scarcely have reassured those shareholders who have taken the trouble to examine its details. Indeed, save for a general attempt to deride the committee, the directors have done but little to disprove the charges made against their management, and have contented themselves mainly with laying the blame for the Company's unfortunate position on the depression of trade, and with the publication of a lengthy statement by Sir Joseph Hickson, formerly general manager to the Company, in defence of the acquisition of the various affiliated lines. Unfortunately, that defence is not much assisted by the facts, so far as they have yet been elicited. The directors admit, for the first time, having made "advances to controlled lines" to the extent of £341,381, and it appears from another part of the report that Four per Cent Debenture Stock has also been issued to pay debts of £301,027 and £165,411, incurred respectively by the Chicago and Grand Trunk and the Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee lines, for cars, steamers, &c.; so that in reality the advances to the controlled lines have amounted to upwards of £800,000. During the year 1894 the two lines we have named have not only failed to pay any interest at all on their huge debts to the parent Company, but they are

accountable for net deficiencies on the actual working of £179,350 and £45,655! In 1893, there were deficiencies of £12,221 and £36,387 on the working of these lines. Therefore, regarding the two lines apart from the rest of the system, it would seem that, if the money expended on them by the Company had been thrown into the sea, the shareholders would have been better off to the extent of £48,608 in 1893 and £225,005 in 1894. We imagine that the directors will have some difficulty in persuading the meeting on Tuesday that these heavy losses are in any proportionate degree compensated for by the advantage derived by the Grand Trunk line from "interchange of traffic." Only last week the traffic return of the Grand Trunk line itself showed an increase—modest enough, no doubt—of £161, but this was much more than counterbalanced by decreases of £425 and £177 in the receipts of its Chicago and Grand Haven connections.

The price of silver continues to vary about a mean of 30½d. per oz. These fluctuations from day to day are doubtless due to speculative sales and purchases rather than to the prospect of exports to the East.

A good deal has been said, since the Londonderry fiasco, about the care taken to ascertain the value of the property. Under the circumstances, a paragraph to be found in the "New West Australian Year-Book," which has just reached England, is not without significance. The following are the words of the Warden of Coolgardie, the representative of the Mining Department of the Colony, written on 7 July, 1894:

"The site of the Londonderry find was applied for by John Huxley and party (six in all), on the 21st May, 1894, and little, if any, work done there until the end of June, when the find reported [that is, the now famous chute], was struck on the crop of the lode or outcrop. This outcrop is a bold one, visible for about a quarter of a mile on the surface, but no gold is traceable so far in the stone, except at the spot where the rich find was made, and, therefore, little is known of the nature of the reef, if a true reef exists. The leaseholders, in place of sinking further in the opening where the specimens were found, have started a vertical shaft twenty-five feet from the outcrop, with the intention of intersecting the reef on its underlie should ore exist, and if no reef is met with at fifty or seventy feet, it is intended to cross cut back from the bottom of this shaft eastward to prove it. The owners are sanguine as to the existence of a true lode."

Such is an authoritative and unbiassed opinion on a property which was thought worth £700,000 of the public's money.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

LOUISE & Co.

Under this name five businesses, all situated in fashionable London thoroughfares, are incorporated into one Company with a capital of £163,000 in £1 shares made up in this way: 80,000 5½ per cent cumulative preference shares, 80,000 ordinary shares, and 3000 founders' shares. This business has been brought out by the same firm that brought out Harrods' Stores, Evans & Co., Crisp & Co., and there seems to be some ground for the statement that when the public become shareholders in these concerns the business is increased. More than 45,000 ordinary shares and 37,000 preference shares have already been applied for by the directors, employees, and friends, and it is probable, we think, that the capital asked for will be subscribed many times over, and that the preference shares, at any rate, will almost immediately be quoted at a premium. In order to pay the 5½ per cent cumulative interest on these preference shares, only £4400 a year is required, while £13,700 a year, we read, are the ascertained profits of the businesses. As no debenture stock is issued, these preference shares constitute the first charge on the businesses, and may be considered amply secured. All care seems to have been taken to secure the same efficient management as in the past, and the presence as directors of Mr. D. H. Evans, of Evans & Co., Limited, Oxford Street, and Mr. Woodman Burbidge, of Harrods' Stores, affords evidence that the new Company will have skilful conduct.

Still it cannot be said that five businesses can be as easily worked as one, and bonnets and capes are dependent on fashion and taste more than on business management, and we should be surprised if "Louise & Co." were as successful as some of the other enterprises brought before the public by the same people. Seven or eight percent does not seem large interest to expect on ordinary shares; but if the public is willing to invest in industrial enterprises which will probably yield this return, who can blame the promoter for not offering them more?

TYNE VALLEY COLLIERY, LIMITED (TRANVAAL).

Here is a good instance of a Company whose shares should certainly not be subscribed by the general public. The title is a first-rate one. When we read the Tyne Valley Colliery in large type our thoughts are transported to Newcastle, and we begin to think that at last a good investment is being offered to us; but when our eye catches the little word Transvaal modestly insinuated into the prospectus in brackets, our hopes and enthusiasm begin to evaporate. We learn that the Tyne Valley Colliery "is situated on the farm Geduld, about twenty-six miles due east of Johannesburg." If the word Geduld, as we imagine, signifies patience, this property seems to us to be rightly named. The Company only acquires a leasehold title and pays £550 a year for the right of mining anywhere in sixty acres. "A shaft," we learn, "has been sunk to a depth of 97 feet," and this, it appears, is absolutely all the work that has been done. Of course we are told that there are "five seams of coal on the property, of which the first four are as follows: No. 1, 2 ft. 6 in. thick; No. 2, 4 ft. 6 in. thick; No. 3, 17 ft. 6 in. thick; No. 4, 31 ft. thick. Eight feet below the 31 ft. seam is another (No. 5), which has only been opened for a few feet. The workings, so far, have been on the No. 3 seam, 17 ft. 6 in. thick." In fact, the greater part of the 97 ft. boring seems to be pure coal, and the further you go down the thicker the seams get, at an astonishing geometrical ratio which only makes us wonder how any one possessing such a coal mine should be willing to sell it on such easy terms. £5000 cash and 40,000 shares is really nothing to give for the pleasure of paying a rental of £550 a year for shutting your eyes and opening up shafts, and seeing what may be seen in this Transvaal valley. Of course the "waiver" clause is in full force. The prospectus seems to us so absurd, the property so unproved, that we give the names of the directors. To those who know them, these names may carry weight; to us they say nothing.

A. Worthington Biggs, Esq., West Hill, Putney (director of the Crystal Palace Company).

J. C. A. Henderson, Esq., Johannesburg (director Henderson's Transvaal Estates, Limited).

G. J. Malcolm Kearton, Esq., East India Merchant, 28 Fenchurch Street, E.C.

Lieut.-Col. Morton F. Thrupp, Oak Hill, Reigate.

THE AUTOMATIC TURNERY PATENTS COMPANY, LIMITED.

We often wonder why certain enterprises which are put under Company management should be offered to the public. In many cases they deal with specialties which are not comprehended by the general, and in these cases it seems to us that it would be more natural and more advantageous to have the shares taken up by those who understand the merits of the business. The Company we are now dealing with suffers under these drawbacks. How is one to say what the inventions of Messrs. Burke Brothers for wood-turning machines are worth? We are told that they turn out octagonal and heptagonal and pentagonal, and square legs and columns, and pilasters, and balusters, with just as much ease as an ordinary lathe turns out round table-legs, &c. We learn, too, that "for some months operations have been carried on at 40 and 41 Kirby Street, for thoroughly testing the machine." We are shown, further, long accounts of the cost of oak and pine, and informed of the value of "Newels, turned octagon," and of "Balusters, turned octagon," but all this leaves us just as wise as we were before. Mr. Fletcher Moulton even, the eminent Q.C., is brought forward to testify that "Burke's patent is valid," and still we are not satisfied. Mr. Fletcher Moulton we know, and we are very certain, as he says so, that "Burke's patent is valid," but it's the value and

not the validity of the patent that we are inquiring about. Still it is only fair to put on the credit side of the account of this Company that we have heard before now of the employment of turning-machines in America which did not confine their attention to round objects, but, adapting themselves to fanciful requirements, allowed the wages of labour to be very high while diminishing the cost of the commercial article. On the other side of the account we have to set forth that the vendors, who do not seem to be mentioned, are to receive £50,000—leaving only £25,000 for working capital, which does not appear to be sufficient. Then, too, there is the "waiver" clause in full force. And lastly, Messrs. Fowler & Co., of 28 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., solicitors to the Company, seem to stand in close connection with Mr. J. Cunningham, secretary to the Company, whose address is stated to be 2 Victoria Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. We are informed that 28 Victoria Street and 2 Victoria Mansions refer to one and the same address. What explanation can Messrs. Fowler & Co. give for thus leading the public to suppose that the offices of the solicitors to the Company and the Company's offices are in two distinct buildings? On the whole, we think that the shares of this Company should be left by the general public to be subscribed by those who understand the business.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STORY OF "MCNEILL'S ZAREBA."

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

23 April, 1895.

SIR,—In accordance with your request that I should furnish you with some further evidence regarding the attack on "McNeill's Zareba," I send you the following quotations from the accounts of officers present on that occasion. May I ask you kindly to reproduce my sketch-map with this letter, that the reader may be able to realize without difficulty the situation of our forces?

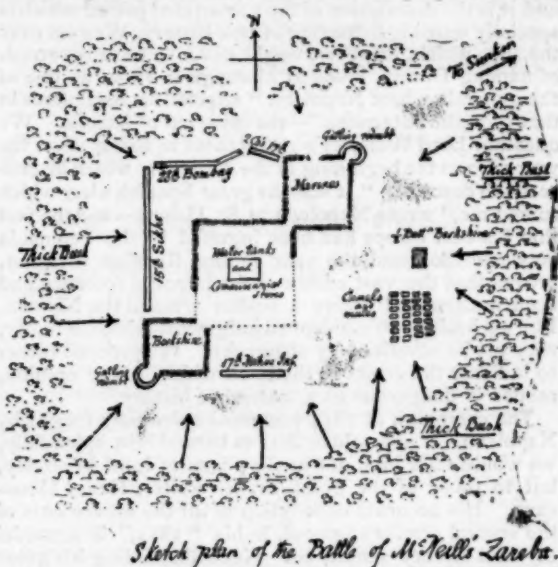
This is what Colonel Way, who was an eye-witness of the stampede, says: "Everything seemed to come at once, camels, transport of all kinds, including water-carts, ammunition mules, 17th Native Infantry, Madras Sappers, sick-bearers, Transport Corps, cavalry, and Arabs fighting in the midst. All these passed close by me and went out on the other side of the zareba, carrying away with them a number of the marines and some officers, who eventually got together and returned. The dust raised by this crowd was so great that I could not see anything beyond our zareba for a minute or two, and it was impossible to see what was likely to happen."

Here is the evidence of Major E. A. de Cosson, of the Commissariat, who was in the fight. He writes: "Around me was the busy hum of voices, laughing and chatting confidently as if they were at a picnic. The working parties were mostly in their shirt sleeves, with their braces hanging down behind, and Tommy Atkins was busy cutting down trees in that methodical manner peculiar to him when on fatigue duty. . . . An English soldier hardly ever labours alone; if a bucket has to be carried twenty yards, two men go and march it off solemnly, keeping in step one on each side, as if it was a prisoner of war. So, in cutting down mimosa trees, one man throws a rope over a tree and bends its head on one side, another takes an axe and gives two or three chops at the stem; two more stand on the right and left waiting till the tree is down, and then all four set to work to haul it to its place."

"It was eight minutes to three o'clock; the water camels had been formed into a close column and were just beginning to move. I turned my horse's head towards the central zareba, intending to ride back and report to the General that everything was ready, when a strange, shrill, startled cry rose from the rear of the camels behind me, and I saw some twenty or thirty of the native drivers running towards me as fast as they could. I had not heard a single shot fired, and so little was I aware of any imminent danger that I supposed the Somali and Indian drivers were fighting among themselves, and were running to me to have their dispute settled. I therefore turned round, and then, for the first time, the truth flashed across me, for a glance showed the dark forms and gleaming swords and spears

of the Hadendowas, hacking and stabbing right and left as they charged. Almost simultaneously a great shout rose from the south-west side of the zareba, and a few shots were fired. The shrill cry soon changed into a frantic yell, the hoarse roar of 5000 tongues, and the black swarm seemed rising up like the sands of the desert all round us; so numerous were they, that the very stones might have been transformed by the stroke of a magician's wand into warriors armed with spear and sword. The huge concourse of animals (the camel train) shivered, swayed, and then burst into motion, pouring down with irresistible force, like the waters of some mighty dam. Those who were watching the plain from Suakin said that at this moment a gigantic column of dust rose in the air, which they took for a charge of cavalry; then the whole of our little force appeared to burst asunder amid smoke and fire, like an exploding shell, and the plain was instantly covered with riderless horses, camels, and mules tearing towards Suakin in mad terror."

He goes on: "Was it a complete surprise? is a question that has been frequently asked me. If a surprise in military parlance may be defined as an attack, coming either from an unexpected direction or delivered before the troops attacked have had time to prepare to resist



Sketch plan of the Battle of McNeill's Zareba.

Zareba completed or in course of completion
Zareba traced out only
Enemy's attack

it, then, in the latter sense, it certainly was a complete surprise, for not only were the majority of officers and men quite ignorant that there was any force of the enemy in their immediate vicinity, but they found themselves actually engaged before they had time to fall into their places to resist attack. Sir Gerald Graham, in his despatch after the battle, alluding to the severe loss of officers, says that it 'was due to the fact that in the confusion arising from the sudden attack, individual attempts were gallantly made to collect isolated bodies of men to stem the determined rush of the enemy.' Thus even official testimony confirms the theory of a surprise."

These two accounts seem to me amply to justify your description of the attack on McNeill's Zareba as a shameful surprise.—I am, yours faithfully,

WENTWORTH HUYSHE,

Special Correspondent of the *Times* with
Sir Gerald Graham's Field Force in 1885.

[Hearing from various quarters that our remarks upon Sir John McNeill were considered excessively severe, we asked Mr. Huyshe to supply us with the evidence of some independent eye-witnesses of the zareba incident. We think that Major de Cosson's quotation from Sir Gerald Graham's despatch would alone warrant our statement that General Sir John McNeill's force was "shamefully surprised," which statement was contradicted by Captain McNeill, Sir John's brother, on no reasonable grounds.—Ed. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

"THE DECLINE AND FALL OF NAPOLEON."

"The Decline and Fall of Napoleon." By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P. With plans and illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1895.

LORD WOLSELEY has given so many proofs of his mastery of the English language, and of his thorough knowledge of strategy and tactics, that the public had a right to expect that, dealing with the career of the greatest soldier the world has ever seen, he would add largely to the knowledge possessed by the ordinary student of Napoleon and his time. We cannot admit that he has done this. On the contrary, there are evidences, clear as day to the reading soldier, that Lord Wolseley has neglected to avail himself of many sources of information which modern research had placed at his disposal. We have little objection to make to the sketch given of the career of Napoleon up to the crucial year 1812, although, here and there, evidences of careless method are apparent; but, according to the author's plan, "the Decline and Fall" are dated from that year; and it is the description of the subsequent period which is specially wanting in the ring of true history. We pass over the slip, which, however, ought never to have occurred, of naming Desaix, killed at Marengo in 1800, as one of the generals whom Napoleon "selected for commands in that gigantic enterprise"—the invasion of Russia. We question Lord Wolseley's correctness in fixing upon the year 1812 as the beginning of the decadence which he proceeds to describe. "It was the great Spanish ulcer which ruined me," wrote Napoleon at St. Helena—and the fact that his best troops had been engulfed in the Peninsula between 1807 and the year of the Russian invasion, proves that the vast edifice of the imperial fortunes had been undermined before a soldier crossed the Niemen. But we hesitate to condemn a judgment, which, if faulty, may yet be sustained by argument. We proceed rather to indicate the errors in the book which, in our opinion, render it dangerous as a manual of history.

The campaign of 1814 was most splendidly fought by Napoleon. If any soldier desires to read how splendidly, we would refer him, not to the pages of Lord Wolseley, but to those of the great French writer, Henry Houssaye. His accurate description of all the movements of the several armies engaged, in his "1814," is a model of what history should be. Notwithstanding his great inferiority in numbers, Napoleon had so manoeuvred as to have both the hostile armies at his mercy, if only the fortified town of Soissons, sufficiently garrisoned, and the garrison commanded by an officer specially selected by the Minister of War, a man ominously named Moreau, should hold out for forty-eight hours. Moreau, far from being a strong man, was a weak specimen of humanity, and at the crucial moment he surrendered the place, and allowed the enemy to escape. Thiers, in his history, states most truly that this surrender was, after Waterloo, the most fatal event in French history. A generous writer of a foreign nation, who had informed himself by studying the pages of Henry Houssaye, would have conceded this point, without adding the words, "this may be a great exaggeration," as Lord Wolseley does. But this may be passed over as insignificant compared to the English Field-Marshal's treatment of the treason of Marmont. Napoleon had reckoned on the possibility of making favourable terms regarding his dynasty and himself, after the capture of Paris by the allies, with the Emperor Alexander. He was foiled by the treason of Marmont, the commander of one of the army-corps then under his orders. The treason of Marmont is one of the best established facts of European history. It was admitted by the Bourbons; it was recognized in France, whither Marmont dared not return after the expulsion of the elder branch of that family. Marmont himself admitted whilst trying to excuse it. But Lord Wolseley, alone of all the prominent writers on the subject, justifies it. "Marmont," he writes, "was within his right—within his duty in fact."

This is, indeed, a new way of reading history. We have said that the Bourbons themselves admitted the treason of Marmont. Here is the proof. During the

rising in Paris in July 1830, which brought about the Revolution so called, Marmont commanded. The measures he took, radically bad, having proved ineffectual, the King transferred the command to his nephew, the Duc d'Angoulême. The new generalissimo at once sent for Marmont, and placed him under arrest with the words: "Est-ce que vous voulez faire avec nous comme avec l'autre?"—the word "l'autre" being the word always used by the Bourbons when speaking of Napoleon. Let us quote likewise these eloquent words of Henry Houssaye: "La clameur de la conscience publique poursuivait Marmont jusque dans l'exil. A Venise quand le vieux maréchal, songeant à la France où il aurait voulu aller mourir, passait tristement sur la riva dei Schiavoni, les enfants du peuple le montraient au doigt et criaient: 'Ecco colù ga tradi Napoleón!' (Voici celui qui a trahi Napoléon)." And yet this is the man whom an English Field-Marshal delights to honour.

We must take one sentence more before we conclude. Writing of the Hundred Days, Lord Wolseley affirms that the return of Napoleon to France "was not influenced by any deep patriotic motive, but was the outcome of a fiendish ambition of the most selfish kind." It would have been as well if the writer, before committing himself to this opinion, had informed his readers of the legitimate complaints which Napoleon had against those princes whom foreign bayonets had restored to France. Louis XVIII. had pledged himself by treaty to pay to Napoleon a regular income during the time he should stay at Elba. He did not pay him a single centime. Then, again, it is a fact that at the Congress of Vienna the proposition was mooted to transfer Napoleon from Elba to an island in the Atlantic, for the better security of Europe. This was known to Napoleon. His venture to France was made with the view to be beforehand with those who were intriguing against him, and was amply justified by the reception which awaited him on his landing. Why did not Lord Wolseley record these facts?

We must conclude by stating that the account of Napoleon's plans in the campaign of 1815 is as much history as is the story, long since exposed, but adopted by Lord Wolseley, of Wellington's ride to Wavre on the eve of Waterloo.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT MADAGASCAR.

"Les Droits de la France sur Madagascar." Par Gaston Routier. Paris: Le Soudier. 1895.

"Madagascar of To-day. A Sketch of the Island." With chapters on its past history and present prospects. By W. E. Cousins. London: Religious Tract Society. With map and thirteen illustrations. 1895.

FRENCH rights in Madagascar rest on two distinct claims, one founded on two and a half centuries of attempts at colonization and negotiations with the Malagasy, and another dating from the modern scramble for Africa, and based on treaties with other European Powers. Without the recognition of this fact and of the antiquity of the French interest in Madagascar, it is impossible to understand the attitude of France to that island, or judge fairly such a book as that of M. Routier. For the author's gush over the island is simply the expression of sentiments that have been growing ever since it was claimed, two centuries ago, as the "Ile Dauphine" and the "France Orientale." The charges against England of intrigue and hostility are really out of date rather than groundless, for they are to some extent justified by the action of such men as Farquhar and Hastie. The hysterical weeping over "rebellious vassals" is only an outpouring of grief over an ungrateful first-born son, Madagascar being almost the last fragment left to France of her great colonial empire, founded in the seventeenth century.

The official connection between France and Madagascar began in 1642, when Cardinal Richelieu issued letters patent authorizing the annexation and colonization of the island. In 1686 it was solemnly proclaimed to be French, a declaration repeated in 1719 and on at least two later occasions. In 1811 "France Orientale" became subject to England, but on the treaty of 1815 it reverted to France, apparently because we did not want

it. Sir R. Farquhar, Governor of Mauritius ("notre île de France," as M. Routier prefers to call it), claimed Madagascar for England, but his efforts were not supported at home, and the island was retained by France. Then followed a long series of quarrels between the Malagasy and the French, resulting, in 1845, in a complete rupture of relations and the bombardment of Tamatave. In 1855 Napoleon wished to enforce a French Protectorate, but Lord Clarendon objected, on the ground that English public opinion was opposed to it, and nothing was done. In 1862 the Emperor recognized Radama II. as king, but reserved the French claim to suzerainty. In 1882 more decisive measures were resolved on: a war was begun, but was not prosecuted with much energy. It led to the treaty of 1885, which gave France the right to represent Madagascar in its relations with other countries, but no power to interfere in the domestic politics of the island. The present French claims, therefore, all rest on this treaty, for it redefined the relations of the two countries and started everything on a fresh basis. The Queen was left supreme over the internal administration, and the French claim to a protectorate, though urged, was abandoned. The treaty was further explained by a letter written by the French plenipotentiary, and as this rendered the withdrawal of the claim to a protectorate all the more explicit, M. Routier maintains that it only added to the French humiliation (p. 69). Whatever rights the French may have had in the island, based on agreements made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were therefore abandoned in 1885; and it is not surprising that the author declares that his country's interests were then betrayed.

The French claim based on later treaties with England is more valid. In 1890 Lord Salisbury recognized the French protectorate over Madagascar in return for certain concessions made to us. This agreement is final, as far as England is concerned, though it was not binding on the Malagasy. They had a perfect right to prevent France cancelling the treaty of 1885—if they could. They have, however, placed themselves in the wrong, by refusing to recognize that the passports of foreign consuls, and communications from foreign Governments, should be given through the French Resident. The Madagascar Government has, therefore, itself repudiated the treaty of 1885. But for this England would be compelled to recognize both the moral right of the Malagasy to resist French encroachments and the legal right of the French to treat the Malagasy as rebellious vassals.

M. Routier's book consists, in the main, of a brief sketch of the relations of France and Madagascar treated in the style of a political pamphleteer. It is difficult to judge the book fairly; it is so full of unreasoning hostility to England and bitter denunciations of the intrigues of English missionaries and the ambitions of Cecil Rhodes. Its author has previously been known for contributions to poetry, the drama, and fiction; it is a pity that he should have been tempted from these fields into that of serious historical discussion. His book is merely a compilation, and shows no especial knowledge of the subject. Mr. Cousins's work is of a very different character. It is written by a man who knows both Madagascar and the Malagasy, and who speaks with care and discretion. The two books agree in being unscientific, for the authors of both readily fall into error when they refer to anything except the political history of the country. Thus Routier says that the aye-aye is a squirrel (p. 185), a mistake Mr. Cousins matches by the statement (p. 13) that deer are abundant in Africa. Mr. Cousins quotes an etymology for the word Madagascar which makes the final *ar* a Malay suffix. He explains this by quoting, as further illustrations, the names Zanzibar and Nicobar, in which, however, the *ar* is only part of *bar*, a Hindu and Persian word for land. He might as well have added crowbar, isobar, and public bar.

The map is a very feeble production, and quite unworthy of the book. It is also to be regretted that, in a small introductory work such as this, references are not given to the standard authorities on the island. The chapter on the ethnography is, however, an admirable little sketch of the subject. It points out that the inhabitants are Malays, and that the term Malagasy is quite modern, for the tribes were formerly all hostile and

independent, and it was not until the reign of King Andrianampoinimerina that the policy was conceived of a united Madagascar under Hova rule. A large proportion of the book is devoted to the history of the missions: one chapter tells the story of what is called "the great persecution"; but as only from sixty to eighty people received capital punishment in twenty-five years, it was not so terribly severe as has been stated. In fact, as Gibbon would have said, the annual consumption of martyrs was only three. Mr. Cousins is very candid as to the success of the mission work. He tells us that only a tenth of the people have been converted, and of these "many are Christians only in name" (p. 128), and that the sudden rise in the rate of conversion the moment this became politically expedient and fashionable has lowered the tone of Christian life (p. 113). The sketch of the political condition of the island shows that the condition is very unsatisfactory. The public sale of slaves still continues (p. 33); the Queen is only a puppet in the hands of her husband, the Prime Minister, whose power is absolute, and is, apparently, still brutally abused. Mr. Cousins admits that the Hova Government is not what it ought to be, and that the French will open up the country and introduce a better and juster administration. Mr. Cousins's references to politics are all extremely guarded; he is obviously very anxious not to prejudice the future of the Protestant missions by rousing the wrath of either Hova or French. But, reading between the lines, it seems clear that the author is dissatisfied with the present internal government of the Malagasy, and thinks that England has little to fear from the extension of French influence in the island.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S POEMS.

"Poems." By Lionel Johnson. London: Elkin Mathews. 1895.

AN air of solidity, combined with something also of severity, is the first impression one receives from these pages. Not only is the number of pieces which the book contains far greater than is now the fashion to publish at one time, but the poems themselves are more massive than most lyrics are; they aim at dignity, and attain it. This is, we believe, the first book of verse that Mr. Johnson has published by himself; and one would say, on a first reading, that, for a first book, it was remarkably mature. And so it is in its accomplishment, its reserve of strength, its unfaltering style. Yet, in its essence, we find the poetry here expressed a good deal less mature than its expression. Mr. Johnson, we do not doubt, began to write first rather from the joy of writing than from a desire to say anything definite. It is so with all to whom expression, style, is a necessity; only by degrees is the distinctive something, which differentiates each of us from his fellows, found and realized. Mr. Johnson has not, we think, quite "found himself" as yet; only in a minority of these poems do we recognize this distinctiveness. Allied, perhaps, to this want is the capital defect of these lyrics, that the germ of so many of them is not an emotion, but a thought. Certainly fine poems have been written thus, and there are fine poems in Mr. Johnson's book, but the comparative absence of emotion in lyric composition is apt to tire. Not that the verse is cold, though many might call it so, nor insincere. Mr. Johnson does not sing of love, of keen personal joys or griefs, but he has his fires of enthusiasm. The religious poems, strongly Catholic in spirit, have fervour and conviction; indeed, we incline to think them the most successful poems in the book. "Our Lady of the Snows" is a fine defence of the monastic idea:

"Behold us here!

In prison bound, but with your chains:
Sufferers, but of alien pains."

And "Ash Wednesday" is equally fine. Less successful, in our judgment, are the numerous pieces inspired by Celtic subjects: love of Ireland, of Wales, of Cornwall. It is a genuine and deep enthusiasm, obviously; but the "sheer Celtic note" is not here. Mr. Johnson's lines have a weight of thought, a firmness of touch, which do not go with the haunting, vague, delicate music of which Mr. Yeats, for instance, is master. Besides, the

true Celt is remote, self-centred; and Mr. Johnson is nothing if not widely appreciative, catholic, cultured.

"A deep wood, where the air
Hangs in a stilly trance;
While on rich fernbanks fair
The sunlights flash and dance

My step fills, as I go,
Shy rabbits with quick fears;
I see the sunlight glow
Red through their startled ears."

This is from a poem in praise of England; full of observation and fresh colour, and pervaded by a healthful cheerfulness. It is as different as possible from the Celtic strain, and because more intimately the writer's own, strikes us as more truly successful. There is fine verse in "Gwynedd"; witness this first stanza:

"The children of the mingling mists: can they,
Born by the melancholy hills, love thee,
Royal and joyous light? From dawn of day
We watch the trailing shadows of the waste,
The waste moors, or the ever-mourning sea:
What, though in speedy splendour thou hast raced
Over the heather or wild wave, a ray
Of travelling glory and swift bloom? Still thou
Inhabitest the mighty morning's brow;
And hast thy flaming and celestial way
Afar from our sad beauties, in thine haste."

But the whole poem suffers from a discrepancy between the intense conscious enjoyment of moorland and mountain, which inspires it, and a literary sympathy with the melancholy which Mr. Johnson feels to be proper in those surroundings.

If we are not content with the obvious merit of such work as this, if we are exacting of entire success, it is because Mr. Johnson's verse is so high above the average that it challenges the test of a high standard. Mr. Johnson's future interests us even more than his work hitherto; for, whatever form his writing takes, it will be the expression of a rich mind and a rare talent.

DR. CREIGHTON ON PERSECUTION.

"Persecution and Tolerance." By M. Creighton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Peterborough. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

IN the preface to this little volume the author speaks modestly, and no doubt sincerely enough, of its "triviality" regarded "as a contribution to the investigation of a large subject." It consists of an introduction followed by five short chapters, and is in substance the Hulsean Lectures preached before the University of Cambridge in 1893-4. Without wishing, however, merely to pass a compliment, but speaking with plain honesty, the last word we should dream of applying to Dr. Creighton's lectures is the word trivial. So far as triviality goes, the actual length or brevity of a man's utterances count for little. What is the accuracy of his knowledge, what is the quality of his temper and judgment? It is upon these things that a writer's worth or worthlessness depends; and the knowledge, the temper, the judgment, shown in this volume of 140 pages it would be hard to beat. That it is not an exhaustive treatment of its subject may go without saying. That its subject is of such interest and importance that an exhaustive treatment of it would be of the highest value may equally go without saying. But any such elaborate investigation and discussion could hardly be more stimulating to a reader's thought than is the modest little book here before us.

Dr. Creighton defines persecution as "the infliction of punishment for erroneous opinions." That the Christian Church has allowed such persecution, has defended it, has herself practised it, are facts which there is no denying. But when we come to ask ourselves, Why has the Christian Church done these things? what answer is to be given? The ordinary answer is a quite simple one. The Church has been driven to persecution, it is said, by the very nature of her existence and claims. The Church is the sole recipient and guardian of God's revelation to the world. Upon the acceptance of this revelation alike in matters of belief and of practice depends man's ultimate salvation. The

Church, therefore, is only doing the necessary, common-sense, and kindly thing, when she enforces this acceptance by physical means; the Inquisition, for example, was really an exhibition of her divine tenderness, of her love of souls. "The maintenance of right opinion about religious matters is a point of primary importance for human happiness, rightly understood, and ought in the interests of mankind to be enforced even at the cost of immediate suffering to obdurate and misguided individuals."

Certainly this is a plain, straightforward line of argument, and certainly, too, a logical one. Moreover, it has from time to time been insisted on by authorities, who have been twitted with the fact of persecution as destructive of the Church's claim upon the allegiance of humane and reasonable men, and who have felt that some direct justification was needed of a fact, which on the face of it did no doubt seem so damning. Texts of Scripture, we need hardly remind our readers, have been quoted readily enough in defence of this persecution; texts, too, which in themselves were hard to get over, and seemed to afford exactly that direct, divine sanction for the thing, which was all that any believer in Revelation could wish for. But we have long since come, and on the whole quite wisely, to have a sad suspicion of texts quoted in an absolute fashion; for there has been no heresy, and one might almost say no fantastic morality or immorality, which their adherents have not been able to advance scriptural words for; so inadequate is language to express with scientific precision the intricacies of human thought and emotion, or to guard against all the possible plausible interpretations which that thought and emotion may come to foist upon it. And then, along with the growth of this more critical attitude towards the language of Scripture we have the growth of the modern scientific treatment of historic facts and problems based upon a vastly extended knowledge of details. So far as the question immediately before us, the question of persecution, goes, the effect of all this has been twofold: it has led us to see that the infliction of physical punishment for religious opinions is diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christ; and that the specious defence of it as a legitimate means of securing the eternal salvation of the greatest number is, on the whole, but an ingenious justification after the event of a practice which became established, as Dr. Creighton insists upon and clearly proves, only when the Church had "adopted it from the system of the world, when she had accepted the responsibility of maintaining order in the community," exercising it actually then "for political rather than religious ends."

It may be urged that, even if this be true, it is a damaging admission for the Church to make, when she appeals to us for submission to her authority as in spiritual matters God's representative, the guardian of His revelation and the exponent of His will. If persecution is dead against her true spirit, if it is a wrong method which she has slipped into adopting from a fatal source, the Church must at any rate stand convicted of having fallen into a deadly error in a matter of the first importance; and is not that of itself sufficient to discredit the claims she puts forward for herself? Now we have no desire whatever to ignore this argument, nor to seek unduly to minimize it. Persecution *has* discredited the Church, has enormously damaged her prestige and hindered her work in the world; and as against certain extravagant claims put forward for her in certain quarters we confess that the accusation founded on it seems to us conclusive.

But between the original, authentic claims of the Church and those which fanaticism or self-interest have made for her there is a world of difference. A claim to infallibility in determining how to steer her course through the world, to impeccability in her practical relations with the world, not only has no foundation in Holy Scripture, but is in itself opposed to the divine economy which has entrusted the message and the grace of the Gospel to the hands of erring and sinful men. In fanciful moments we may imagine to ourselves a revelation, a church, preserved and operative in our midst apart from any human agency; but the Eternal Wisdom has not thought good so to reveal itself, or so to work amongst us; and its employment of the ministrations of men, men supported indeed by supernatural grace, but

not thereby made altogether superior to mortal conditions, involves by the very nature of things the presence of some error and disaster in their practical management of those truths which they are commissioned to maintain.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

"Jérusalem." Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.

"Le Puits de Sainte Claire." Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.

"L'Afrique Romaine." Par Gaston Boissier. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1895.

"Un Avocat Journaliste au xviii. siècle. Linguet." Par Jean Cruppi. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1895.

"Passé le Détroit." Par Gabriel Mourey. Paris: P. Ollendorff. 1895.

"Episcopo et Cie." Par G. d'Annunzio. Traduit de l'Italien par G. Hérèle. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.

"Le Plaidoyer d'un Fou." Par Auguste Strindberg. Revision française de Georges Loiseau. Paris: Albert Langer. 1895.

WE have so recently examined at length "Le Désert" of Pierre Loti, that we must not give equal fulness of consideration to "Jérusalem," which is a continuation of the same journey. We left the engaging traveller at Gaza, and in that city we now pick him up. The new volume exhibits the same and now familiar qualities of exquisite description and pathetic sentiment, combined with something mechanical and forced which was not present in the books of Loti's youth. From the moment when he discovered that the public delighted to buy his impressions of foreign travel, he began to set himself to produce those impressions with regularity. It was in "Au Maroc" that we first perceived the change from the inevitable to the self-conscious. We do not think that the product becomes any worse. There are pages in "Jérusalem" which are incomparable, that is to say, which could not have been produced in their slightly artificial but lucid and composite beauty by any other living writer. But the evidences of artifice are not to be put by. The traveller has a set pose; he is a freethinker returning to the cradle of Christianity in the hope of recovering, if not his faith, something of the pathos of the loss of it. At every turn he murmurs, *o crux, ave spes unica*, hastening to assure us, in an aside, that he has no hope. The extremely sensitive artistic instrument, which is the mind of Loti, trembles with sensibility, with admiration, and with pity at each turn which it takes among the magnificence of ancient churches in decay, of blind and splendid ritual, of those astonishing contrasts of mystery and penury, which are familiar to every pilgrim in the Sacred City. The writer has never been more ingenious than in his pictures of certain of these alternations. The pages in which he paints the Mosque of Omar and its approaches have rarely been excelled in modern descriptive literature.

Everything which M. Anatole France writes must possess some of the central qualities of his work, its learning and grace, its wit and penetration. But we do not think that he is in a happy vein at present, and no book which has come from his pen has pleased us so little as "Le Puits de Sainte Claire." It will be a great pity if, in the search after popularity, M. France permits himself to cease to be an artist, but he is certainly in danger of losing that distinction which was the very essence of his charm. His new volume is a collection of ten short stories, mostly of Italian life in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. These are bound together by a prologue, which is, to our thinking, the gem of the whole. The author feigns that, being in Siena in spring, and wandering much towards dusk outside the city walls, he became in the habit of meeting a grey friar, named Father Adone Doni, who was commonly seated at that hour on the keystone of a ruined well, called by the name of St. Claire. This Franciscan was a mystic and visionary, in some sort perhaps a heretic, but he was glad to talk, and after awhile freely began to confide to the stranger the legends and superstitions of the country. The eleven tales which follow are a selection from those which he repeated. This prologue is exquisitely narrated, in M. France's purest and most delicate vein. In the stories themselves there is not too much

delicacy, and no purity at all. They are occasionally bloodthirsty ("Doña Maria d'Avalos" is of a revolting savagery), and usually salacious; "we sigh for more" "Balthasar" and "L'Etui de Nacre," but sigh in vain. Many of the tales are amplifications of whimsical anecdotes in the pages of Vasari, and M. France dares to tell over again the laborious buffooneries of Buffalmacco. "Saint Satyre" is not a tale for the young, but it is ingenious and full of beauty of detail. The most elaborate story in the volume is "L'Humaine Tragédie," a study of shrewd ecclesiastical simplicity such as the creator of Jérôme Coignard loves.

M. Anatole France says somewhere, "C'est bon de faire des collections, mais c'est meilleur de faire des promenades." The elegant humanist who has succeeded Renan as administrator of the Collège de France has always been of that opinion, and owes his celebrity to his "promenades archéologiques." We know not why the name of M. Gaston Boissier is so little appreciated in this country. No writer has with greater precision and grace summarized the results of archaeological discovery, none has with more skill made Horace and Virgil live before us as Italian citizens, or revived the daily life of Rome and Pompeii, yet, Academician as he is, and seventy years of age, M. Boissier is hardly known in England. His latest "promenades" are taken in Algeria and Tunis, and rehabilitate for us Roman Africa. They are the result of a visit paid by M. Boissier to those provinces in 1891, and they throw a charming light over the mystery of the way in which Rome contrived to create one of the richest of her dominions out of an arid and often uninhabitable country. The object of the learned professor has been to show by the exercise of what statesmanship and what ingenuity the Romans contrived to impress their civilization on the barbarous nations of Africa. In the course of his study he goes back to Hiempsal and the origin of the Numidian power. An extremely interesting chapter is that which M. Boissier dedicates to the Latin writers of Africa, and in particular to Apuleius, with whom African literature began. St. Augustine noticed that the Africans could never comprehend the difference between short syllables and long ones, and it is a fact that an extraordinary disregard for prosody is marked in all African Latin poetry. The best of these poets was Dracontius, the author of the once so much admired and imitated "Hexameron." These, and a hundred other subjects connected with the history of North Africa, are treated here by M. Gaston Boissier with that lucidity and propriety which make the most learned of his writings accessible to the general reader.

In preparing a thick volume on "Un Avocat Journaliste," M. Jean Cruppi has endeavoured to recall to our memories Henry Linguet, a figure once prominent in the eighteenth century, and now unduly forgotten. He took a foremost place in the hurly-burly which preceded the Revolution, and enjoyed at one time a fame and a popularity which approached those of Voltaire. When, in 1786, he pleaded at Paris, all the world rushed to hear him in the Great Chamber of the Parliament. As he left the hall, the crowd carried Linguet in triumph to his coach, a boy being crushed to death unobserved. He was a terror to the lawyers and the philosophers, to the French Academy, and to the King's Government. He published, in less than forty years, not fewer than eighty volumes of insolent and angry polemic, filling France from end to end with the shriek of his falsetto voice and the flash of his fiery eyes. It is strange that a person of so much consequence in his own day should be so completely obscure in ours, and M. Cruppi proceeds to enlighten the darkness. He cannot, however, make Linguet an attractive figure. He seems the ideal of the moral viper, the pamphleteer steeped in calumny, the malignant and venal petty attorney. Linguet was born, like Colbert and Pluche, in the parish of St. Hilaire, at Rheims, in 1736. He was guillotined in 1793, but, for some reason not explained, his biographer does not accompany him to that final scene, but leaves off somewhat abruptly in 1775, when Linguet was struck off the roll of *avocats*, and took up a Bohemian life as a perambulatory journalist through the capitals of Europe. We can only suppose that M. Cruppi intends, in a second volume, to conduct his hero to the scaffold. His portrait of Linguet is not without interest; but we weary

of the spiteful adventurer whose hand was against every man's hand, and whose talent seems to have been almost exclusively used to injure and distress his fellow-men.

The curiosity which the French show in everything English leads to some entertaining results. There are signs, however, that our neighbours are beginning to understand us better, or to make, at all events, more allowance for our peculiarities. M. Gabriel Mourey, who publishes his sensations, "*Passé le Détroit*," has no allowances to make. He is charmed by all he sees, fascinated by the English character, the English climate, English art, and English literature. He has written a book which is not only very kind to us, but very bright and entertaining. It is quite cheering to see ourselves reflected in so becoming a mirror. The first section of his book is devoted to very short, piquant impressions of scenes in London—*motifs londoniens* he calls them. It is amusing to notice how much he has been able to observe of the little incidents of urban life which are to us too commonplace to arrest the attention for a moment. Of course, the Salvation Army is all a wonder and a wild delight to him, and so are the little girls, grotesquely dressed, who ask for alms for Hospital Sunday, and who strike the passer-by if he delays to give. Nothing disturbs the enthusiastic optimism of M. Mourey. When the air of London is more than commonly heavy, dense and black, an enchantment seizes him:

"Au fond de cette atmosphère noire, je vois luire le vol magique d'Ariel: des vers de Shelley et de Keats, de Rossetti et de Swinburne bruissent en ma mémoire; De Quincey et Carlyle, ces deux tout-puissants visionnaires, ont respiré cette même haleine âcre et forti que je hume joyeusement. N'est-ce pas l'âme de l'Angleterre avec ces crises de spleen délicieux, sa froideur puritaine, ses coups de délire passionné, son étrange poésie, intense, son art d'évocation et d'idéal?"

The pages on the art and poetry of the England of to-day are intelligent and picturesque, if a little fragmentary, and a visit to Mr. Swinburne at Putney is described with real appreciation, not without a touch of humour, by the translator to whom Mr. Swinburne owes his most effectual introduction to the French public, M. Mourey being the author of an excellent version of "*Poems and Ballads*" into French prose.

In "*Episcopo et Cie*" M. Hérrelle introduces to French readers the striking, but terribly distressing group of tales which the young Italian poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, published three years ago under the title of "*Giovanni Episcopo*." The book contains considerable matter for admiration in its treatment, and this may excuse its subject with French readers. The author, in his rôle of analyst, owes not a little to the example of M. Paul Bourget, who, with Guy de Maupassant, appears to have been his direct model.

No stranger book by a strange writer can be wished for than the vulgar, painful, and yet forcible "novel" by the Swedish author, August Strindberg, which has just been translated into French by M. Loiseau. We believe that the Swedish original is still unprinted, no Stockholm publisher venturing to touch it, but it appeared in Berlin, in 1893, in German, as "*Die Beichte eines Thoren*." It is commonly understood to be no novel, but a deliberate relation of the causes which led Herr Strindberg to repudiate his wife. "This is an atrocious book," says the author in his preface, and we cordially agree with him—it is a most odious and impudent book. Of Strindberg's talent, however, there is no question, and in these days of the false idolatry of woman, and general namby-pamby flattering of the sex, it is curious to meet with one writer who rages against the eternal feminine like a mediæval monk, the more so because his denunciatory wrath but thinly veils his admiring pre-occupation. The closing words of "*Le Plaidoyer d'un Fou*" have a sinister intensity: "The story is finished, my beloved; I have revenged myself and we are quits."

FICTION.

"A Duke of Britain" (A Romance of the Fourth Century). By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL is a very entertaining writer of essays, and evidently a student of nature and antiquity; but he is not a story-writer, born nor

made. He knows nothing of the art, and has nothing of the instinct. Consequently his book has been a serious piece of reading. The general effect is of a dictionary of antiquities—moving. Great bales of information lie about unpacked, massive fragments about early British cookery, Roman *menus*, Roman military statistics, classical huntings, and other useful furniture, upside down and all askew. Over these heaps a number of respectable English people, attired as Druids, legionaries, Picts (Is Sir Herbert Maxwell right in making his Picts wear plaid?), and so forth, play at war, rapine, love, and religious dissension with infinite mildness and decorum. Here is a sample of this litter of antiquities: "It was long before dawn when Julian Varo was awoke by his slave-valet, Fusco, who, by the dim light of a lamp consisting of a rush-wick floating in porpoise-oil, prepared his master's toilet. . . 'Ah! a fine hunting morning,' said Julian, preparing to rub his teeth with a stick dipped in cuttle-powder by the aid of a steel mirror, while Fusco stropped a razor"; and so on to a length of 421 pages.

"Haunted by Posterity." By W. Earl Hodgson. London: A. and C. Black. 1895.

Mr. Hodgson is a clever Philistine, without a grain of artist in his composition. He has written a great lumpy book that very few people will read from end to end, packed full of—congested, in fact, with—personal allusions and suchlike entertaining things, and with the most forbidding prologue that ever alarmed a nervous reviewer. Yet that prologue contains an amazingly good idea. It is not exactly a new idea, being, indeed, merely that rediscovery of "Predestination" that has been in the air for the last six or seven years. Browning, indeed, nibbled at it when he wrote: "Fool! all that is at all, Lasts ever past recall"; some unknown scribe called it "The Universe Rigid," and Mr. Oliver J. Lodge was expounding it—at a British Association meeting if we remember rightly—some years since. It amounted to this: Each moment—in ordinary thought—is the complete cause of the subsequent moment. Knowing all that exists at the present, we should know both past and future; the future therefore is as real and fixed as now or yesterday. May not the world, he suggested, be as well regarded as the prelude to a determinate end, as the consequence of a determinate past? may not the present be thought of as conditioned by the future, just as well as by the past? So far Professor Lodge. "Ah!" says Mr. Earl Hodgson, "then why not the ghosts of the future as well as the past?"—and so grabs his original idea. He is evidently proud of it, but he does nothing with it, because he lacks the necessary imagination and constructive power. It gives him a title and a prologue, and as he goes on he finds his level, and the mass of the book is largely journalistic shop, a flimsy but readable caricature of the *Pall Mall Gazette* episode, of the *Psychical Research* people, of the "Purity" party, the New Woman, and so forth. In fine, this is Crochet Castle up to date—or rather Crochet Castle and water, with an unsuitable little prologue. And therein awaiting the hand of the imaginative artist lies just exposed, but quite unused, one really magnificent idea.

"A Bachelor's Family." By Henry F. Buller. Three vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1895.

This is a wearisome three-volume novel of the conventional type: baby changed at birth and the resulting complications; packet of yellow letters; humorous Irishman with an overpowering disposition to revert, on the slightest provocation, to the topic of "Ballinskellig's Bay"; eccentric, good-hearted captain, with impossible habits; heroic person of the upper-middle class named Hugh, who (1) rescues a drowning child, and (2) prevents a boiler explosion when a safety-valve had jammed and the engineer and workmen (with the usual arrant cowardice of the British working-man as portrayed by the British novelist) had run away. The book is grammatical and quite proper, and we can imagine people who will find it very readable. It goes smoothly enough. At any rate it will—being in three volumes—serve as well as anything else to fill up the boxes of the country subscribers to the London libraries.

27 April, 1895.

"A Study in Prejudices." By George Paston. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1895.

Here is an exceedingly clever and effective story by another of the countless "Georges" whom Heaven hath sent for the scourging of sinful man. It opens just a little foolishly with a comparison of Cecily to a quintessence of Viola, Portia, and Imogen, which implies an amount of wit and sweetness few heroines could realize. Yet Cecilia is a very sweet and pleasant personage and perfectly human, and one soon forgives her for her own sake that Shakespearian debt. She has some playful kissing and an indiscreet luncheon on her conscience when she meets and marries Miles Dormer. Miles has sown his wild oats in his time, but being of a jealous disposition, he implores Cecilia to assure him that no one has kissed her before he enjoyed that exquisite privilege. She very properly assures him, and afterwards he finds out—the way of it is just a little forced—all about both the guilty kissing and the wicked luncheon. So they part, and Cecily herself and the pungent Mrs. Marchmont and Fate conspire to point the moral. Miles is, for a wonder, a perfectly possible and comprehensible man. So, too, is Jasper, the participator in the kissing. The end is a moving one, and the book deserves reading both for its story and its style.

"Ormsdal." By the Earl of Dunmore, F.R.G.S. London: Edward Arnold. 1895.

The Earl of Dunmore has written what is popularly known as a "healthy" novel, full of good shooting and fishing, and artless love, and still more artless machinations. Torquil saw Magerie momentarily at a box-office in London, and they loved each other ever after, though Ralph Nesbitt showed to Magerie, through a telescope, Torquil embracing (quite virtuously, as it turned out) Flora, a friend of his childhood. A book like this should prove a serious rival to the trashy novelette of high life, and the Earl of Dunmore is doing a really useful work in attempting to oust such publications from the place they occupy. But his English is odd at times; he must be careful not to write again of things being "unbeknown to the world in general." "Unbeknown" is quite out of date. The proper form—he may take our word for it—is "unbeknownst."

"The Evil Guest." By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. London: Downey & Co. 1895.

We must confess we cannot join in the general approval of Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu. So far from hailing him as an "artist in the region of weird tragedy," we must confess we find him distinctly tedious and quite inartistic. To call him, as a contemporary does, one of "the great modern masters of the art of Poe," is nothing less than an insult to the memory of that consummate creator of strange effects, and a wrong to the hundred or so living writers who have imitated him with success. Mr. Le Fanu's method is the primitive and barbaric one of "piling it on"; Marston, the Doomed Man, cannot even shoot a rabbit in the "sombre shadows" of his "wild and gloomy park" without wailing "sullen echoes." A great deal of this sort of thing preludes a trivial and commonplace murder, a silly confession, and a suicide to spare the gentle reader the too great horror of a gentleman, the father of a featureless heroine, being hung! The memory of Poe has endured many bitter things, but this seems the worst. A kind of fatality attends it. Not a feeble scribbler can engender his bit of would-be weird story but some reviewer of books must needs drag Poe, more or less ingloriously, into the business. The illustrations by Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu seem to us as commonplace as the story they decorate—and that is saying a great deal. And the cover, true to the resolve to pile on the horror, bears bats, and griffins, and grimacing faces, that might possibly scare a child of six.

"The New Moon." By C. E. Raimond. The Pioneer Series. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

The creator of "George Mandeville" has taken a sharp turn. Instead of a second dose of the acrid truth of that book, comes a story heavy and drooping with sentiment, a love-story, the love-story of a man married early to a foolish and invalid wife. The emotional phases of the doctor and the woman he loves are drawn

with amazing force and sympathy. But the foolish wife is incredible, a mere gabbling encyclopædia of popular superstitions, and she plays a sufficiently important part to make this book artistically inferior to the author's previous effort. Her insistence upon unscientific beliefs amounts to monomania, yet she discusses them, remembers them, classifies them, hunts after new ones, with entire mental sanity. Her superstition, we submit, should be either more discriminating or less coherent. But in spite of this defect the book is a profoundly moving one, seizing hold of the reader from the very outset, and it makes a worthy member of what promises to be a very brilliant company of story-books indeed.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV." Extracted from the German Correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans. One vol.

"Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France." From the Journal, Letters, and Conversations of the Princess Lamballe. By a Lady of Rank. Two vols.

"Private Memoirs of Louis XV." From the Memoirs of Mdme. du Hausset. One vol. London: H. S. Nichols & Co. 1895.

THE "Collection of Court Memoirs" of Messrs. Nichols & Co. grows apace. It was but a few months ago that we noticed a reprint of the "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine," by Mdme. Ducrest, in this series, and here are four additional volumes dealing with the *Ancien Régime* and the Revolution. The present revival may have been stimulated by the remarkable number of new or reprinted memoirs of the Napoleonic era that have lately appeared. Perhaps it would be difficult to give the English reader a surfeit of French *mémoires*. The taste for such literature grows by what it feeds on. It is amusing to reflect on the various aspects of interest they present to readers, and the varying authority they have enjoyed from time to time. Historians have been censured for placing too great trust in "Memoirs," or they have been blamed for neglecting them too much. The books that some have thought to contain the pith of history, have been regarded by others as in the main mere scandal and gossip. The Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun, for example, were at one time considered by many as purely apocryphal. Now there are staunch and able upholders of their verity. The "Lady of Rank" who edits the Lamballe memoirs, and gives so engaging an account of her own courage and devotion, shows some eagerness in correcting Mdme. Campan, and is somewhat digressive in the pursuit. She also gives the Duc de Lauzun the lie direct in one very important particular, though she does not hint a doubt as to the authenticity of his memoirs. Her work, which appeared some seventy years ago, is one of the most interesting of its class, and much less of a *chronique scandaleuse* than the Memoirs of Mdme. du Hausset, or the collection of amusing and malicious sketches and anecdotes of the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans. With regard to the latter work, it is not surprising that the present translation should show some modification of the original. But it cannot be said that any undue squeamishness is to be charged against the editor. All four volumes are well printed, embellished with portraits, and uniform in binding.

"The Duc de Lauzun and the Court of Louis XV." From the French of Gaston Maugras. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1895.

M. Gaston Maugras is the apologist of the Duc de Lauzun, and applies the whitewash with good grace. He regards him as a sort of "eighteenth-century scapegoat," burdened with all the sins and iniquities of his contemporaries. Few men, he says, have been judged more severely, and few have deserved it less. The age was licentious, and "Lauzun was a man of his time." "Why blame him for that?" asks M. Maugras. Are we to forget the "delightful qualities" of this "much abused Lauzun"? M. Maugras does not forget them, but makes them to shine in his study of the Duke and his times. It is certainly a little odd that Fersen, the Queen's friend, should have praised Lauzun as a lofty and noble soul, for Lauzun has been accused of inspiring the animosity of the Duke of Orleans for Marie Antoinette. M. Maugras affirms his strong belief in the genuineness of the "Mémoires du Duc de Lauzun," and supports his opinion with some ingenious argument. He admits that the Memoirs are ill-written, incoherent, tiresome, and excessively indiscreet. But he does not regard them as infamously libellous, as Madame de Genlis did, who professes to have seen the true "Memoirs," which were of a very different nature, according to her testimony. The editor of the Lamballe recollections goes so far as to assert that the elaborate story of Lauzun's intrigue with the Princess Czartoriska is a pure invention. But here, without doubt, the lady does protest too much. M. Maugras reproduces this episode in the adventurous career of his hero with minute particularity, and in other respects follows the "Mémoires" pretty closely. His book, however, is something more than a sketch of Lauzun's remarkable life. It presents a vivacious study of the fashionable society of the French Court under Louis XV. Especially brilliant are the pictures of life at

Chanteloup, where, after the dismissal from office of the Duc de Choiseul, another Court was established which completely outshone that presided over by Madame du Barry.

"Curious Church Customs." Edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S. Hull: Andrews & Co. London: Simpkin & Co. 1895.

Mr. Andrews and those associated with him have contributed to this many-authored volume with the alliterative title a good deal of curious information concerning what the editor terms "the byways and highways of church history." Many are the themes of antiquarian interest embraced by this jingling phrase. Canon Benham deals with customs and superstitions connected with baptism, and explains, among other matters, the meaning of "chrisom-child," a term familiarly used still in many parts of the country. Originally, he says, the child to be baptized was arrayed in a white robe anointed with sacred oil called the "chrisom." If the child died within a month, it was shrouded in this robe, and was called a "chrisom-child." Mr. England Howlett records many strange customs relating to marriage and burial. Miss Florence Peacock writes of many occasions for the ringing of church bells, most of which are now forgotten, and Mr. Andrews gives a singular selection of inscriptions on bells, and of "laws of the belfry," some of which are set forth in quaint verse. Among other contributions to this instructive volume we must mention "Armour in Churches," by the Rev. J. Charles Cox, LL.D.; "Holy Day Customs," by the Rev. G. S. Tyack; and "Shorthand in Church," by Mr. W. E. A. Axon.

"The Life of Charles Loring Brace." Edited by his Daughter. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1895.

Mr. Charles Loring Brace was an ardent philanthropist, well known in England for his active benevolence and as the founder of the successful Children's Aid Society in New York. He was a New Englander by birth, and like most of his countrymen was fond of European travel. Passing through Austria in 1851 he was imprisoned as a sympathizer with Kossuth. He gives an amusing account of his devices for communicating with the outer world. There was a priest about to be released who had undertaken to convey his letters in the lining of his boots. As they were under the watch of the soldiers, and no conversation was permitted, Mr. Brace was puzzled to find a way to name his friend to the priest. The latter, however, managed to question him as he recited his prayers. "As they passed and re-passed in their walk: 'What did you say is his name?' (In louder tones from his prayer-book) 'O! Maria beatissime!' Then as he passed again, 'Ora pro nobis! MacCurdy, did you say? O holdseligste! Segnet uns! O sanctissime!'" Thus his letters were taken to Mr. MacCurdy, American Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna. Of his work in the New York slums an interesting account is given by Miss Brace. His life is chiefly set forth in his letters, and these leave a vivid impression of his activity and many-sided sympathy. They are not all addressed to philanthropic friends such as Miss Carpenter and Theodore Parker. Through his relationship with Dr. Asa Gray, who married his cousin, he enjoyed the friendship of Sir Charles Lyell, Darwin, and other eminent figures in the world of science.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE opening article of the *Edinburgh*, which is a strong number, is devoted to a review of the "Progress of Canada" since the beginning of Her Majesty's reign. So complex a theme as the development of Canada during more than half a century naturally lends itself to summary only, but the writer is a skilful summarist of the salient features of Canadian growth, and the cheerful tone he adopts is well justified. Students of Dante will find full of interest "The Classical Studies of Dante," a paper on Dante's quotations or adaptations of classical writers and Scripture, suggested by various works of Dr. Witte, Dr. Schück, and others, the most recent of which is Gioachimo Szombathely's "Dante e Ovidio," published at Trieste in 1887. The writer distinguishes between direct and palpable quotations from Latin poets and others, and adaptations or "echoes," as he terms them. Of the second he gives some curious examples. Among other points made by him, is the correction of the impression, common even among reputable writers on Dante, that the poet was a frequent quoter of Horace. An excellent and extremely sympathetic article on the author of that exquisite book, the "Récit d'une Sœur," is suggested by Mrs. Bishop's recent "Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven (Pauline de la Ferronnays)." Like the writer, we hope that the memoir will move many to read the "Récit," but we fear the book is as little read in England as Montalembert. History and politics are scarcely represented in the new *Edinburgh* as much as usual. The article "Alter Fritz," however, is a capital study in brief compass of Frederick the Great, inspired by the "Political Correspondence" of Frederick, and other works concerning him, now in course of publication. The art of extracting the plums of a book is well exemplified in the review of General Thiébauld's "Mémoires." This is one of those useful articles

that should induce its readers to look up General Thiébauld's three volumes, if they do not already know them. These memoirs have been undeservedly neglected, we are disposed to think, and are better worth reading than several recent books of the kind that have been more discussed. Among other articles of note in the *Edinburgh* we must mention the review of Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson's "Sancta Sophia," and an able notice of Sir William Fraser's privately printed volumes on "The Sutherland Book."

The *Church Quarterly* honours the recent Laud Commemoration in an article, of which the first instalment only is given, dealing with the various estimates of the Archbishop held by historians, and the Laudian reaction that set in with the Oxford Movement. In the rather formidable list of books at the head of the article, we find Mr. A. C. Benson's "William Laud," which the reviewer calls a "curious contribution" to the subject, and we doubt not it is correctly described. Mr. Hutton's recent book is, of course, commended; but Mr. Hutton is entreated to expand it. After handling the absurd and vulgar "Life" of the Archbishop by "A Romish Recusant" in an excellent fashion, the reviewer himself deals capably with the subject of Laud's career. In "Evolution and Man's Place in Nature," Mr. Henry Drummond's Lowell Lectures come under examination, and it is to be noted that the "Ascent of Man" proves as little satisfactory to a *Church Quarterly* reviewer as to scientific critics. The weakness of Mr. Drummond's argument is neatly exposed. Mr. Froude's "Erasmus," the "Life and Letters of Dean Church," and "Divorce," are dealt with in other articles, and among subjects of more purely ecclesiastical interest, we note "The Troper and the Gradual," and "Pseudo-Mozarabic Offices."

Americans should be grateful to Mr. Julian Ralph, who in the May number of *Harper's* points out that they may like London for its "historical associations," yet there is "plenty of this sort of delight here in America." He, at least, does not indulge the sentiment by falling back solely on the memory of Pocahontas. He can be very happy, he tells us, when he finds himself at Carlyle's favourite tobacconist's in Chelsea, but he feels prouder in his journey through Mississippi when he reaches Biloxi, and thinks of De Soto, and stands where M. d'Iberville planted the French flag in 1699. "In Sunny Mississippi" is the title of Mr. Ralph's pleasant paper. It is prettily illustrated with scenes in Biloxi and Jackson, and pictures of Jefferson Davis's home at Beauvoir. In "Some Wanderings in Japan," we have a further instalment of beautiful drawings by Mr. Alfred Parsons. Another notable illustrated article is devoted to an account of the "Museum of the Prado," at Madrid, by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, with a dozen or more admirable reproductions of the masterpieces of Velasquez, Titian, Rubens, and other artists, mostly after photographs by Laurent of Madrid. Mr. F. du Mond contributes further illustrations to the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," translated from the remarkable memoir of the Sieur Louis de Conte. Mr. W. D. Howells, in "True, I talk of dreams," shows that he has no cause to lament, with Charles Lamb, the poverty of his dreams; and Mr. Owen Wister tells a pathetic Mexican story, "La Tinaja Bonita," which is illustrated by Mr. F. Remington.

NOTES.

THE neat and handy "Scott Library" is enriched by the addition of "Selected Essays of De Quincey," edited by Sir George Douglas (Walter Scott). The essays are reproduced, we are glad to note, in their original form, and the selection is an excellent one.

Mr. Mowbray Morris contributes an interesting note on Michael Scott by way of preface to "Tom Cringle's Log," illustrated by Mr. J. A. Symington, the new volume of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s series of "Illustrated Standard Novels." It is strange that so little should be known of the author of two such masterpieces of fiction as this novel and its still more remarkable companion, "The Cruise of the Midge." No memory remains, says Mr. Morris, of what manner of man Scott was, and how he bore himself among his fellows, in business and pleasure, in sport, travel, and adventure. In Jamaica there is scarcely a tradition of him, and he remains but the shadow of a name, yet one of the greatest in reputation among romancers. Mr. Symington's drawings have a fair measure of spirit. It is inconceivable, indeed, that an artist should fail to do justice to so alluring a subject for illustration as Michael Scott's novel.

Among other new editions we have received George Eliot's "Adam Bede," vol. i. (Blackwood & Sons), the first of the "Standard Edition," excellent in type, paper, and binding; Lord Lytton's "Pelham" (Routledge & Sons), the "New Knebworth Edition," well printed on good paper, and bound in a pleasing red cloth; "Lives of Drake and Cavendish," and "Tales," by Miss Edgeworth—two volumes of Messrs. Blackie's "School and Home Library"; and "The Best of Both Worlds," by Thomas Binney (Edward Knight), a popular work formerly known under the title of "Is it Possible to Make the Best of Both Worlds?"

The List of Applications will open on Monday, the 29th April, and close on or before Tuesday, the 30th April, 1895, at 4 p.m. for Town, and the following morning for the Country.

LOUISE & CO. LIMITED

("MADAME LOUISE").

Consisting of five separate businesses in REGENT STREET, OXFORD STREET, BROMPTON ROAD, and elsewhere.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their shares.

CAPITAL - - - £163,000,

DIVIDED INTO

80,000 Cumulative 5½ per cent. Preference Shares of £1 each.
80,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.
3,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each.

The Preference Shares will be entitled out of the profits to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 5½ per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly on the 1st February and 1st August in each year, and they will also be entitled to rank in respect of Capital and Dividend on the Property and Assets of the Company in priority to the Ordinary and Founders' Shares. The first Dividend will be calculated from the due dates of the Instalments.

After payment in each year of a Dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, the surplus profits, subject to the provision of a Reserve Fund, will be divisible in equal moieties between the holders of the Ordinary and Founders' Shares.

It is not in contemplation to create any Debenture Debt or Mortgages, so that the Preference Shares will be the first capital charge upon the undertaking.

45,350 Ordinary Shares and 37,000 Preference Shares have already been applied for by the Directors and their friends, employees and others, and applications at par for the remaining Preference and Ordinary Shares may be lodged with the Company's Bankers, payable as follows:

5s. per Share on Application, 5s. per Share on Allotment, and 10s. on the 1st of June, 1895.

Directors.

D. H. EVANS, 314 Oxford Street, W., *Chairman.*
 R. W. BURBIDGE, Wraxhall, Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.
 JAMES BOYTON, 6 Vere Street, W.
 J. B. THOMPSON, 266 Regent Street, W., *Managing Director.*

Bankers.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 21 Lombard Street, E.C., and Branches.

Brokers.

JOHN PRUST & CO., 37 Throgmorton Street, E.C.

Solicitors.

ALFRED R. GERY, 2 Vere Street, W.

Secretary (pro tem.) and Offices.

THOMAS NEVELL, 26 Leadenhall Buildings, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern and extend the prosperous and well-known business of Bonnet Makers and Milliners, carried on under the styles of—

LOUISE AND CO., 266, 268 Regent Street, W.; **at Regent Circus, corner of Regent Street and Oxford Street.**
 MARGUERITE, 234 Oxford Street, W.;
 LOUISE AND CO., 210, 210A Regent Street, W.;
 LOUISE AND CO., 59 Brompton Road, S.W.
 THE BONNET BOX, 74, 75 High Street, Shoreditch, E.

The principal branches of the business are situated in Regent Street and Oxford Street, two of the busiest thoroughfares of the West End of London; they have for many years been firmly established in public favour, and enjoy a world-wide reputation for novelty of design and excellence of taste.

The business was founded upward of twenty-five years ago by Mrs. E. A. Thompson (known as "Madame Louise"), who has with the active support of her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Webb, and her son, Mr. J. B. Thompson, developed it from comparatively small proportions until it has reached its present foremost position in the trade; the profits made in the business, as shown hereunder, and the fact that the name of the firm has become a household word in fashionable circles, clearly indicate that the management is conducted on a sound commercial basis.

The success of the firm is in a large measure due to the principle adopted of keeping the stock representing the very latest designs of fashions and of the best quality only, which has the double advantage of securing the customers' approval, and of avoiding loss through deterioration in condition. The turnover having reached very large dimensions, the stock-in-trade is on an average sold more than twenty times in the course of a year, and is therefore always fresh and clean.

The great vitality of the business and the existing capabilities of expansion

point to its becoming, with continued judicious management, still more successful in the future, and this view is confirmed by the striking success and rapid development attained by other retail businesses which, after their conversion into Joint Stock Companies, have almost invariably experienced a considerable addition of public support.

The main premises, on which the business is conducted, consist of a number of conveniently adapted and luxuriously appointed shops in exceptionally favourable positions in the West End, and a reference to the accompanying sketches will be of interest as showing the extent of the frontages and character of the premises. Considerable sums of money have been expended in adapting same to the requirements of the business, and, with the exception of the Shoreditch premises, they are efficiently provided throughout the buildings with Fixtures, Fittings, Electric Light, and other modern appliances necessary for expeditiously carrying on the large trade.

The valuable and extensive leasehold premises in Regent Street, Oxford Street, and High Street, Shoreditch, to be acquired by the Company are held for unexpired terms varying from about 25½ years to 10½ years, and those in Brompton Road for about 2½ years, at a total annual rental of £3,560. A part of the premises in Regent Circus was sub-let many years ago at a rental of £400 per annum, until March, 1899. This site is in one of the best trade centres in the whole of London, and will, so soon as available, form a most valuable addition to the Company's premises.

Mrs. E. A. Thompson, the founder of the business, as well as Mr. Webb, have entered into an Agreement with the Company to continue the active management of the business for a term of not less than three years, whilst Mr. J. B. Thompson has, under a similar Agreement, joined the Board as Managing Director, their total remuneration having been fixed at £1,000 per annum, payable out of the Company's net profits exceeding £10,000, so that they will receive no remuneration until the Ordinary Shareholders have received at least 7 per cent. per annum.

The other members of the Board are also all practical business men connected with other successful trading establishments.

The existing arrangements with the experienced staff of Assistants will also be continued, and it is proposed to make a judicious and liberal allotment of the Company's Share Capital to applications received from the staff, as well as from customers, so that they will have a direct interest in the increasing prosperity of the business.

As the business is carried on almost entirely for cash, practically no bad debts are incurred; the averaging losses during the last four years have been less than £60 per annum.

Messrs. Viney, Price and Goodyear, the well-known Chartered Accountants, have examined the books and accounts of the business, which have been very carefully kept, and their certificate as to profits earned is as follows:—

99 CHEAPSIDE,
 LONDON, E.C., 20th April, 1895.

The Directors of
LOUISE & CO., LIMITED.

DEAR SIRS,

We have acted for some years as Accountants to the firm of Louise & Co., and have prepared their Annual Balance Sheets and Profit and Loss Accounts.

We certify that the Profits of the Businesses carried on at the following establishments, viz., Nos. 210 and 210A Regent Street, No. 266 and 268

27 April, 1895.

Regent Street, No. 234 Oxford Street, No. 59 Brompton Road, during the four years ending 23rd February, 1895, and including also the Shop at Nos. 74 and 75 High Street, Shoreditch, for four years ending 31st December, 1894, have been as follows:—

Year 1891, ending 23rd February, 1892	...	£10,699	0	9
" 1892, " 23rd " 1893	...	11,384	13	5
" 1893, " 23rd " 1894	...	13,438	3	8
" 1894, " 23rd " 1895	...	13,699	7	9

In these accounts due provision has been made for Depreciation of Leases, Fixtures and Furniture, and for Bad Debts. Interest on Capital, and Remuneration of Partners employed in the Business, have not been charged against the Profit. We also certify that during the above four years the Cash Sales have averaged 88½ per cent. of the total turnover.

We are, Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

VINEY, PRICE & GOODYEAR,

Chartered Accountants.

The price to be paid for the whole of the valuable leasehold properties, including the stock-in-trade, the goodwill of the business, the fixtures, fittings, furniture, house linen, electric lighting and other goods, chattels and effects connected with the business, has been fixed by the Vendors, who as promoters make a profit, at £157,500, payable as to one-half in cash and one-half in Ordinary or Preference Shares or cash, or partly in cash and partly in Shares at the option of the Company.

The financial year of the business closed on the 23rd February last, and the business, together with the benefit of all contracts made and profits accruing as from that date, less interest at 5 per cent. per annum on the purchases—money up to date of completion, will be transferred to the Company. It has been further agreed that the Book Debts outstanding at the date of the stock-taking on the 23rd February last are to be collected by the Company for account of the Vendors, who will, on the other hand, discharge all liabilities up to the same date.

The turnover of the business in the current year is considerably ahead of the corresponding period last year.

It is intended, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, to open other establishments in neighbourhoods where their want is felt, and the Directors have no reason to doubt that these additions, conducted on principles which have proved so successful, will add materially to the Company's income.

It is also intended to carry out a plan which has for years been considered and matured by Mrs. Thompson, of extending the scope of the business by adding a high-class dressmaking department, and there are many circumstances in the conditions of the present business which augur well for the success of such new departure.

Taking the net profits of £13,699 as a basis, without any further increase, there will be required to pay—

5½ per cent. interest on £80,000 Preference Shares	£4,400
7 per cent. interest on £80,000 Ordinary Shares	£5,600

Total . . . £10,000

leaving a surplus of £3,699 for management expenses, additional dividend and reserve.

It will thus be seen that the present net income covers the amount required for payment of interest on the Preference Shares nearly three times over.

With the influx of trade from the above extensions, the directors hope that an annual net profit sufficient to pay 12 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary Shares may soon be anticipated, which, with the publicity given to the business by its conversion into a Joint Stock Company, and the direct interest of employees and customers in its prosperity, should be further increased, when a more prosperous condition of business returns after the period of depression through which trade generally has passed.

The following approximate present Market quotations are an indication of the appreciation in which investments in similar successful retail businesses are held:—

HARROD'S STORES, LIMITED, formed in 1889:

Ordinary Shares—£1 Shares, 70s.—75s.; Preference Shares—Nil.

D. H. EVANS & CO., LIMITED, formed in 1894:

Ord. Shares—£1 Shares, 45s.—47s. 6d.; Pref. Shares, £1 Shares, 25s.—27s. 6d.

J. R. ROBERTS' STORES, LIMITED, formed in 1894:

Ord. Shares—£1 Shares, 27s. 6d.—30s.; Pref. Shares, £1 Shares, 25s. 9d.—25s.

JOHN BARKEE & COMPANY, Limited, formed in 1894:

Ordinary Shares—£1 Shares, 45s.—50s.; Preference Shares—£5 Shares, £6 5s.

The Founders' Shares have all been applied for, and will be allotted in full to the Vendors or their nominees, who have guaranteed the subscription of the Capital required by the Company, so that the Company will commence its business with the whole of its capital assured.

All expenses of the formation and registration of the company will be paid out of the proceeds of the Founders' Shares.

The business will be taken over subject to all existing contracts of the ordinary trade character, but including as they do numerous contracts with employees, manufacturers, customers and others, they cannot be specified. There are also other contracts, including one dated 4th April, 1895, between Mrs. E. A. Thompson, Mrs. E. L. Webb, and Mr. J. B. Thompson, and the Industrial Contract Syndicate, Limited, which may fall within Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Subscribers will be held to have had notice thereof, and to have waived all rights to be supplied with particulars of such contracts, and to have agreed with the Company, as Trustees for the Directors and other persons liable, not to make any claim whatsoever, or to take any proceedings under the said section, or under the Directors' Liability Act, 1890, in respect of any non-compliance with the said section, or of any misstatement in the Prospectus made in the *bond fide* belief that it is true.

An agreement has been entered into under date of 22nd April, 1895, for the sale of the business, and made between the Industrial Contract Syndicate, Limited, as Vendors, and the Company as Purchasers; and three other agreements of the same date, relating to the appointments of Mrs. E. A. Thompson, Mrs. E. L. Webb, and Mr. J. B. Thompson, as Manageresses and Managing Director respectively. Copies of these agreements, of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and of the certificate of Messrs. Viney, Price and Goodyear, can be seen at the Offices of the Company's Solicitor.

Application will be made for a settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange.

Applications for Ordinary and Preference Shares should be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to the London and County Banking Company, Limited, 21 Lombard Street, E.C., or their Branches, with a remittance for the amount of the deposit.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, from the Bankers, and from the Solicitor.

LONDON, 26th April, 1895.

Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

President—His Grace THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

Chairman—SIR EDWARD BIRKBECK, Esq., V.P.

Deputy Chairman—COLONEL FITZ-ROY CLAYTON, V.P.

Secretary—CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., F.R.G.S.

APPEAL.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 306 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends, are quite inadequate for the purpose.

The Institution granted Rewards for the Saving of 637 lives by the Life-Boats in 1894, and of 141 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1894 being 778. Total lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December 1894, 38,633.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,

19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1826, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrons.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

Chairman—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

Treasurers [G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.

H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent Poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of *true* Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, Secretary.

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

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St. Thomas's Hospital.

President:

H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Treasurer:

J. G. WAINWRIGHT, Esq., J.P.

SPECIAL APPEAL FUND.

To be devoted to the opening for the reception of poor patients the Wards at present closed.

Contributions (large and small) are earnestly solicited. Donors of 50 guineas are qualified for election as Governors.

Cheques should be made payable to the Treasurer, crossed "Union Bank of London, Charing-cross," and addressed the Counting House, St. Thomas's Hospital, London, E.C.

URGENT DISTRESS; WRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.

"There is sorrow on the Sea."

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY,

with nearly 1000 Agencies, annually relieves
10,000 persons.

The rescued sailor, fisherman, &c., is instantly cared for on the spot and sent home; the widow, orphan, &c., of the drowned immediately sought out and succoured; the distressed seafarer of every grade at once charitably assisted.

CONTRIBUTIONS APPEALED FOR.

Patron—THE QUEEN; Chairman of Committee, Vice-Admiral E. S. Adeane, C.M.G.; Secretary, W. R. Buck, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, E.

Telegrams—"Shipwrecked, London."

CITY of LONDON TRUSS SOCIETY, 35 Finsbury Sq.,
for the Relief of the Ruptured Poor throughout the Kingdom.

Established 1807.

Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

The patients (numbering now about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes, and all ages, from children a month old to adults over 95. Over 461,850 patients have been relieved since the formation of the charity up to the present date.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 72 Lombard Street; and by the Secretary at the Institution.

JOHN NORBURY, Treasurer.

JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

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SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

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E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on
"Our Daughters"

"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think 'himself lucky when he can get Three.'"

**The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York
Guarantees Five per cent.**

UNDER ITS

Debenture Policy,

WHICH ALSO PROVIDES FOR

Death Duties, Children's Education, Marriage Settlements or Business Capital under one Contract,

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED £38,000,000.

Apply for particulars to any of the Branch Offices, or to

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager for the United Kingdom,
17 & 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

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APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE

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Established 1835.

This Institution has always divided the large Profits arising from Endowment Assurances exclusively amongst the Policyholders in this class.

48 Gracechurch Street, London.

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED,

33 POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS EXCEED £1,660,000.

POLICIES ISSUED UNDER THE ORDINARY, MODIFIED TONTINE, AND MORTUARY DIVIDEND SYSTEMS.

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Prospectuses, Proposal Forms, and Statements of Accounts, may be had on application to
ROBERT LEWIS, Chief Secretary.

April, 1895.

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(Founded 1806.)

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City Office; 14, CORNHILL, E.C.

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Half-Credit System Policies. Non-forfeitable Policies.
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PROVISION MAY BE MADE BY MEANS OF LIFE INSURANCE TO MEET THESE DUTIES.
Any New or Old Policy—absolutely the property of the Assured—will be endorsed
whenever desired, during lifetime, making the Claim payable to meet Estate Duty
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INVESTED FUNDS	£2,900,205
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Further Information on Application. CHARLES STEVENS, Actuary and Secretary.

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ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES FOR

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The Steamship "GARONNE," 396 tons register, now on a cruise to the MEDITERRANEAN
and ADRIATIC, will leave VENICE on the 10th May for TRIESTE, RAGUSA, CORFU, MALTA,
PHILOPOLLIS, ALGIERS, and GIBRALTAR, arriving at London 29th May.
Passengers embarking at Venice should leave London not later than by the 11 a.m. train on
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DRURY LANE THEATRE—Sir AUGUSTUS
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PRICES. For Full Particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office now open.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Sole
Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 8, LAST NIGHTS OF THE
IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, a Trivial Comedy for Serious People.
Preceded at 8.30 by IN THE SEASON. Doors open 8. Commence 8.30. Carriages
at 9. THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES, by HENRY ARTHUR
JONES, will shortly be produced. Box Office (Mr. Arnold) open Daily 10 till 5.
Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3903), ST. JAMES'S
THEATRE.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W. 103rd EXHIBITION NOW OPEN
10 till 6. Admission 1s.

ADAM E. PROCTOR, Hon. Sec.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, 14 Grafton Street, Bond
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GARDEN G. SMITH, R.S.W. Admission with catalogue 1s.

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ESTABLISHED (1893) FOR SOCIAL PURPOSES ONLY.
Town Members £1 1s. per annum. Country Members £1 1s. per annum.
The "original" members list is closed.
New Members are now being elected at the nominal Entrance Fee of 10s. for Town and 5s.
for Country.
For further particulars apply to the SECRETARY, at the above address.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITU-

TION for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans.
The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel
Metropole, on SATURDAY, May 11th, at half-past six o'clock. His Grace the
DUKE of FIFE, Kt.P.C., in the chair.

Dinner Tickets, including wines, one guinea. Donations will be received and
thankfully acknowledged by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., R.A., Hon. Secretary.
ALFRED WATERHOUSE, R.A., Treasurer.
DOUGLAS GORDON, Secretary.

19 St. James' Street, S.W.

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS, CITY OF LONDON.

The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the
Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday the 21st of May, 1895, at Half-past
One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the purchase of the valuable
Freehold Ground Rents and Reversions of premises as under, viz.:

Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street,	Ground Rent £1550 per annum.
No. 27 to 35 "	" " 2430 "
No. 61, 62 Gracechurch Street,	" " 2010 "
No. 7 Warwick Lane,	" " 175 "
No. 9 King Street, Aldgate,	" " 92 "

Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this Office, together
with the conditions of sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold
Ground Rent, Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street, &c." (stating the premises
as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned at this
Office, and must be delivered before one o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any
Tender.

Persons sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly
authorized agent, at Half-past One o'clock on the said day, and then
prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of
10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the
completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
26th March, 1895.

H. MONTAGUE BATES,

Principal Clerk.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAM-
INATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 28, 29, 30. Eleven
scholarships at least, of value ranging between £30 and £50 per annum, will be
awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15.
—Apply to the Secretary, The College, Cheltenham.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS, 1895.—Two of £80,
one of £50, one of £40. Examination begins July 17. For further information apply to
the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION
to fill up not less than eight resident, five non-resident, Queen's Scholar-
ships, and two valuable Exhibitions, will take place in July next. Detailed infor-
mation may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, Tiverton, Devon.—Seven (or
more) SCHOLARSHIPS, under 15, will be AWARDED after Examination
to be held JUNE 20 and 21.—Particulars may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER.

TREBOVIR HOUSE SCHOOL, 1 & 3 Trebovir Road,
South Kensington, S.W. Advanced Classes for Girls and Elementary
Classes for Children. Principal, Mrs. W. R. COLE. The Summer Term will
commence Thursday, May 2nd. Prospectuses forwarded on application.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMA-
TICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Nine or more open to competition at Midsummer, 1895, value from £25 to £50 a
year, which may be increased from a special fund to £60 a year in cases of scholars
who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD MASTER, or SECRETARY, the
College, Clifton, Bristol.

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Cantab (Honours, late Scholar) can receive a Pupil into his house 50 miles from London.
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pupil. Address, M.A., 23 Conduit Street, London, W.

LANCING COLLEGE, SUSSEX.—The Summer Term
will begin on MAY 4. AMBROSE J. WILSON, D.D., Head Master.

LANCING COLLEGE OPEN EXHIBITIONS. Four
or more Exhibitions will be offered for Competition in July. One of 15 Guineas, one
of 10 Guineas, &c., per annum. Candidates put up in College. For further particulars apply
HEAD MASTER.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.

AN EXAMINATION will be held on SEPTEMBER 25th, 1895, and succeeding days, for the awarding of the following:

1. A Scholarship of £75 for one year to the best candidate in Chemistry and Physics who is under twenty-five years of age.
2. A Scholarship of £75 for one year to the best candidate in Biology (Animal and Vegetable) and Physiology who is under twenty-five years of age.

Candidates for these two Scholarships must not have entered to the Medical or Surgical Practice of any London Medical School.

3. A Scholarship of £150 and the Preliminary Scientific Exhibition of £50 each, tenable for one year, in Physics, Chemistry, Vegetable Biology, and Animal Biology. Candidates for these must be under twenty years of age, and must not have entered to the Medical or Surgical Practice at any Medical School.
4. Jefferson Exhibition of £21 for one year in Latin and Mathematics, with any one of the Languages—Greek, French, and German. (Classical books as in Matriculation of Univ. of London, June, 1895.) Candidates must not have entered at any Medical School.

The successful candidates in all cases will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination.

For full particulars apply to Dr. T. W. SHORE, Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.

The SUMMER SESSION will begin on WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1895. The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds (including 75 for Convalescents at Swanley). Students may reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the collegiate regulation.

Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of over £800 are awarded annually, and Students entering in May can compete for the Entrance Scholarships in September.

For full particulars apply to the WARDEN OF THE COLLEGE, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

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RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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